

Nineteenth Year—May 25, 1912

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

The GRAPHIC



SPRING-O'-THE-YEAR

By EDITH DALEY

O Spring-o'-the-Year is a maiden,
A maiden of tender mien;
With a glint in her unbound tresses
Of gold and rainbow sheen.
Where Spring-o'-the-year is singing
The primrose ways are sweet;
Both shine and shower follow
The lure of her dancing feet !
She sings when the days are sunny,
And weeps when the skies are gray---
Her eyes are the eyes of April,
But her song is the breath of May !
O Spring-o'-the-Year is a maiden,
A maiden of tender mien;
She loves with the love of women,
And will not choose between
The sun with its golden kisses
And the moon with its silver touch;
She is mad with the lust of loving---
With loving over-much !
Of love her eyes are telling,
Of desire her red lips croon---
Her eyes are the eyes of April,
But her heart is a rose of June !

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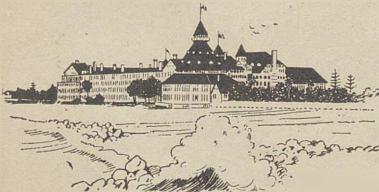
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THE GRAPHIC

VOL. XXXVI--No. 26

LOS ANGELES, MAY 25, 1912

PRICE TEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address: Publication Office, 403-4 San Fernando Building. Telephone: Home A 4482. Entered at the Los Angeles postoffice as second-class matter.

NINETEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



CLEMENCY FOR RUEF UNWARRANTED

HAVING succeeded in getting all the reserve indictments against him dismissed Abraham Ruef is now preparing to move on to Sacramento and as his chief counsel and special pleader before the governor has apparently engaged the services of a San Francisco newspaper editor, supposedly having more or less influence with the executive. The object, of course, is to secure a parole of the rascally Ruef, who, sentenced to serve a term of fourteen years in San Quentin, has been in prison less than a year and a half. His plea is that he will devote his fortune, accumulated through his scandalous acts, to the amelioration of the lot of convicts striving to regain a footing in the community.

Whether or not this is buncomb is not the issue. The thing to consider is the convict, Ruef's, history and see if it entitles him to any leniency. One of the main arguments used in the effort to enlist support for his cause is that he is the only wrong-doer to be punished, the only judicial victim. And the logical reply to this is that Ruef was the arch plotter, the ringleader in the crimes against the body politic of San Francisco, whose system of blackmailing was so devilish, so cunningly devised that few escaped contributions to his exchequer in the form of attorney fees, which, as every lawyer and many laymen know, cover a multitude of sins.

Ruef has promised to print a complete confession of his crimes, an autobiography of his reprehensible acts. Before any steps are taken by anybody to give the author his freedom it might be well to have these interesting chapters unfolded and their contents digested. If the truth is revealed the reasons should be all the more patent why he should remain in prison. The governor may be under obligations to the San Francisco editor-advocate mentioned, but his first duty is to the state and if that thought is kept uppermost in his mind he will hesitate a long time before approving a parole for the scoundrelly lawyer who debauched the entire supervisory board of San Francisco, ruined its mayor and held-up countless corporations and business men to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

TRAVESTY AT A LAST UNCTION

CHRISTENDOM has been glad to accept the doctrine of divine atonement for the sins of the world and the assurance that repentance, even at one's death bed, was efficacious to the sinner has caused many a one to close his eyes in the belief that he might open them in Paradise. With this latter belief we have no quarrel, since there is no proof to the contrary and, besides, there is good precedent for the theory, as evidenced by the dying words of the Savior, addressed to the thief on the cross, who, imploring intercession of Christ when he

came into his kingdom, was answered, "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise." This, we believe, is the foundation for believing that "while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return."

Notwithstanding which, we are inclined to agree with Rev. Madison Peters of New York, who represents the question asked of the murderer, Richeson, electrocuted at Boston early Monday, "Are you willing to die for Jesus' sake?" properly denouncing is as a mockery of religion. The unfrocked former pastor of a Cambridge church was then in the electric chair. He had forgiven all his enemies, we are informed, when his spiritual adviser put to him the shocking question which all wholesome-minded Christians will rightfully denounce as maudlin and sacrilegious, a travesty on the church and calculated to disgust all sensible people just as Dr. Peters declares.

Richeson has paid the debt imposed by an outraged law. He was probably more insane than the slayer of Stanford White, but just now Thaw is not on trial here. No more deliberate, atrocious deed is of record than that committed by Richeson, for whose crime there were no extenuating circumstances. To ask of such a one if he were ready to die for Jesus' sake is to provoke one's bile. He died because his lawyers were unable to convince the governor of Massachusetts that he was non compos mentis when he murdered the woman to whom he owed special protection and a sense of justice impels the belief that the executive did exactly right in refusing to interfere. But no mock-religion should have been interjected. Consolation, promises of ultimate expiation in a hereafter, yes. Beyond that, no promises.

OHIO'S DECISIVE REPUDIATION

HIS OWN state having by a decisive vote rejected his candidacy for renomination Mr. Taft must perforce retire from a contest in which he has had repeated hints from the Republican strongholds that he is persona non grata with the rank-and-file of his party. From now on his candidacy must be of a most perfunctory nature. After the repudiation by Ohio by a big majority what hope remains that Texas, New Jersey, South Dakota, or Arizona will rally to his assistance? He will probably get a portion of the New Jersey delegates, but in the other states yet to declare their preferences his cause seems hopeless.

That the contest in Washington will be decided in favor of Roosevelt is inevitable. His supporters numbered 600-odd as against 200-odd of the Taft rump convention. This three-to-one preponderance cannot be ignored by the credentials' committee and must result in the seating of the fourteen Roosevelt delegates. With Ohio's probable thirty-seven votes, (allowing Taft eleven) added to the 388 already instructed for the colonel, a total of 425 is in sight. To these it is safe to concede Washington's fourteen, making 439. With forty from Texas, ten from South Dakota, six from Arizona and fourteen from New Jersey (a division) Roosevelt will go into the convention with 509 pledged votes. He may get a majority in New Jersey, certainly the half credited. He can afford to lose Arizona's six, but Texas and South Dakota are admittedly his. Giving Taft all the contested delegates he musters only 370 to this date. Allowing him eleven from Ohio and eighty-three from New York—to hold the alignment at the outset—he will have 464. Add to these fourteen from New Jersey and his total reaches 478. Possibly Arizona may give him three more.

But it is inconceivable that all of the 130 contested seats will be assigned to Taft delegates, nor is

it safe to count on the southern office-holders standing tied to the inert Taft wagon; they will make a running jump for the colonel's racing car as soon as they discover that the President is out of the contest. It is inevitable. This is the situation as we see it and we are not blind to the fact that the naming of Roosevelt will be followed by bitter attacks on him from all directions, to the detriment of party unity. We had hoped to avoid this by the selection of Mr. Hughes, but Ohio's decision, with the previous strong utterances, seems to destroy this fond illusion. However, with Champ Clark opposing there will be no question of a Republican victory in November. Should Bryan or Wilson contest with Roosevelt it will be a pretty fight.

VOTE OF CONFIDENCE IN SAN DIEGO

SAN DIEGO is being severely criticised just now by those who are far away from the scenes of the I. W. W. invasion. Part of this is honest, not a little is for the purpose of influencing circulation and is sheer buncomb; a portion is the result of ignorance or prejudice. The Graphic, in the main, is in sympathy with the efforts of the Bay City people to keep San Diego free of undesirable transients, whose chief intent is to foment trouble. It is a game of baiting the authorities played by rank outsiders, with whose tactics the permanent residents have little or no sympathy. San Diego has good precedent for the formation of a vigilance committee and at times we have been amazed at the conservatism displayed by her citizens. San Francisco in the old days was far more effervescent.

We have only one fault to find with our neighbor to the south. In prohibiting free speech entirely a mistake was made; it was all right to keep the gabblers off the congested streets, away from the business district, but, as we have several times suggested, if a section of Balboa Park had been set aside for this purpose much of the outside criticism would have been avoided. London has given a good example. The professional and amateur mouthshooters may display their verbal pyrotechnics in Hyde Park from the opening of that breathing place until after sunset and nobody is irritated, no harm is done to a soul, for nobody takes the orators seriously except themselves. It is a wise provision. Here is a safety valve for turbulent humanity; having delivered themselves of the weighty thoughts that must have utterance the speakers feel the same sense of relief that comes after a dose of ipecac has helped to throw off bile and the audience, too, is similarly affected. San Diego should have roped off a windy spot on a high mesa of the park, assigned a brace of stout policemen to the task of patrolling the neighborhood and given the orators carte blanche. It is not yet too late.

We have read the report of Mr. Harris Weinstock, special commissioner, with great care. He may have borne in with a trifle too great severity on the district attorney, but it seems to us that he has tried to be impartial in his findings. He does not hesitate to expose the lawless character of the Industrial Workers of the World and their evident designs, and in so doing he virtually makes ground for the cause of the vigilantes, although as a special commissioner, representing the highest official in the state, naturally, he must be found condemning the acts of this self-constituted, extra judicial body. In criticising the police for brutality possibly he is justified, but we hazard the opinion that an attitude of Chesterfieldian politeness toward the invaders would have been about as effective as the introduction of a single cake of ice for the purpose of reducing the temperature of Hades.

In many respects San Diego has set a laudable ex-

ample to the remainder of the state. Amend the city ordinance by allowing free speech in the manner and at the segregated spot suggested and San Diego is to be commended, not criticised, for her treatment of those whose prime object was to stir up strife. The object sought by the trouble-breeders is the crux of the issue. These I. W. W.'s are not guileless innocents, seeking climatic comforts; they are social disturbers bent on having their own sweet way by bulldozing the authorities. If the latter had been weak-kneed they would have accomplished their purpose and with the prestige of success bolstering their cause would have laid siege to other cities until the entire state was in turmoil. With the exceptions noted, we move a vote of confidence in San Diego.

FREE TOLLS A TREATY VIOLATION

GRATELY as the Pacific coast may desire to see ships flying the American flag given passage through the Panama Canal free of tolls it will mean a concession at the price of America's honor. Our treaty with Great Britain binds the United States to maintain the canal on terms of entire equality, "so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects, in respect to conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise." This is specific and we fail to see wherein it can be construed as permitting free tolls to any ships, American or foreign—all must be on an equality, declares the treaty.

It is argued by the proponents of the free toll for ships of American registry that they would not be in competition with foreign vessels because the latter are barred from engaging in the coastwise trade. This is true to an extent, but response has been made that with the advantage of free tolls to our boats, a shipper in China might find it cheaper to send a cargo of tea to San Francisco, there to be transhipped to a coastwise boat going to New York, instead of sending it direct from China on a British vessel or one of any other foreign registry. This is not impossible and if it were tried and proved advantageous clearly it would be due to the discrimination allowed, hence in violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

It is evident from this that the American ships which already enjoy a monopoly of the coast trade would be given still further advantage. This would not help the shipper; it would merely give the coast trade vessel added opportunity to increase the freight rates at the expense of the country, whose loss in tolls must be paid by swelling the general budget to meet the deficit thus created. In other words millions of Peters must be mulcted to feed fat a comparatively few Pauls. This is the old special privilege game under a new guise. It reads well, this demand for favors for the American registered vessel, but it is unsound. Aside from the treaty violation it is a fraud on the nation which will not gain commensurate returns. We hope the project will meet with disfavor in the upper house of congress.

MEN—OR MACHINES?

WHEN Tyrus Cobb, star outfielder and batsman of the Detroit Baseball team in the American League, leaped across the fence at Philadelphia Wednesday, and soundly thrashed a foul-mouthed spectator who had called him an unprintable name, he brought to a crisis the tendency, which long has been manifested by the absolute monarchs of professional baseball, to make the players mere machines, and inhibit all independent thought or action. For doing, in the course of a game, what any man with red blood in his veins would do at almost any time or place that similar provocation was offered, Cobb was suspended indefinitely by President Ban Johnson of the American League. In other words, he is barred from the practice of his profession, excepting with minor "outlaw" clubs, so complete is the control of this official. Meanwhile, Cobb's fellow players have declared a strike, in which they are supported by the Philadelphia team, with good prospects of other clubs joining in the movement.

Intrinsically, the incident is unimportant. As a

sidelight upon the trend of modern baseball, however, it is illuminative. It would appear that what the magnates of baseball, "sitting at the receipt of custom," desire, is not men on the teams, but machines. Manifestly, they would be better pleased if, instead of human beings, they could form ball teams of automatons, which would lie immobile on the ground until wanted at bat, when certain buttons could be pressed and the contrivance moved to its allotted position. They would rob the game of its personality, the principal point which makes for its popularity. These same qualities which rendered it impossible for Cobb to do otherwise than leap the fence and smite his insulter, make him a "gingery" player. In the world of sport it is not the physical giant without brain or heart who wins the laurels, but the one whose whole being enters into his play, and whose every fiber forces him to the utmost exertion to win the contest for his team. The good baseball player must first of all be a man, and not a pawn, which he has come to be regarded by those to whom the sport has degenerated into merely a great money-making enterprise.

In the confidence and serenity of his absolute power, President Johnson is rushing headlong into a perilous position. To maintain this position, doubtless, will cost the league dozens, if not scores of its best players. President Johnson must realize that it is not the shibboleth "American League," which draws the thousands to the ball games, but the Wagners, Cobbs, Benders, Mathewsons, Lajoies and others whose names have become famous. "Outlaw" baseball has a splendid opportunity, in such an event, to recruit its forces from the stars, for the public will speedily follow its heroes, under whatever colors they disport. President Johnson can prevent Cobb and his supporters from playing in his league, but he cannot force the public to attend games in which their favorites do not participate.

GRAPHITES

Miss Agnes Laut, whose studies of northwest early history and especially the Hudson Bay territory entitle her opinion to consideration, is on record as declaring that the Pacific coast is threatened with anarchy. Not if all the cities are as staunch and determined in opposition as San Diego is showing herself to be.

United States Senator Murray Crane of Massachusetts knows when to quit. Having been rebuked in the presidential primaries he announces that he will not be a candidate for re-election at the expiration of his term of office next March. He is wiser than the President who fails to read as he runs.

Denver repudiated the "beast" Tuesday by re-electing Judge Ben Lindsey. He made direct appeal to the women to support him and his associates on the citizens' ticket who were fought hard by both machines. They responded by giving the citizens' candidates a clean majority over all. California's women are equally to be trusted at the polls.

Mrs. Pankhurst and the Pethrick Lawrences have been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for conspiring to damage property in their foolishly-conceived suffrage campaign. They should be allowed to serve a brief term and then be pardoned. The lesson taught by the government has had its effect. No more such idiocy will be attempted.

All over but the shouting, exclaims Manager McKinley for Mr. Taft, but the colonel advises that the shouting will be for him. Perhaps, both are mistaken.

CLEVER MELODRAMA IN "THE BARGAIN"

AN interesting melodrama was recently given a single invitation performance in New York. John Emerson, through the courtesy of Charles Frohman secured the Criterion theater and presented "The Bargain." The name of the author, John Maynard Booth, as given on the program, indicates, to the writers of the play at least, three heads have been at work upon it. A manuscript by Mr. Booth, which seemed to have possibilities, once reached Mr. Emerson. He and Miss Cora Maynard made it over into an actable play and to them belong the first two names. The credit for the inception of the idea thus remains to Mr. Booth. It is a gloomy play, but as melodramas go it is an exceptionally good one. There is not perhaps suffi-

cient motive to account for the main action, but in the interest of the situation and of the way it is worked out, one loses sight of this. There is an element of mystery which is always an asset and the mystery is cleverly kept up to the end. Again and again one is about to guess the real situation, when a turn makes one wonder if one is not wrong and hit upon a new solution.

* * *

The Bargain is made between the mother of a man who is being tried for murder and the principal witness upon whose testimony conviction seems certain. The case is almost ready to go to the jury. One learns this at once. The opening scene takes place in the living room of Eliot Arnold's home in New York City. At the trial he has just testified to damaging facts that will almost certainly send Van Zandt to the electric chair. Van Zandt's brother is engaged to Nita Arnold, and Nita, feeling that her brother's testimony will always stand between them, refuses in event of conviction, to marry the man she loves. It comes out that Eliot Arnold has been in charge of his father's estate, which was left in trust for Nita and her mother. Eliot has speculated with the funds and has lost practically everything. His step uncle, a lawyer from Philadelphia, accuses him of betraying his trust and secures a confession. The culprit, however, asks for a week's time in which to readjust matters. Things can be no worse, he says, and delay may result in their being better. This request is granted. Arnold then sends for Van Zandt's mother and promises if she will give him two hundred thousand dollars to convince the judge and jury that he, Arnold, is the guilty man and Van Zandt will go free.

* * *

It seems that Arnold's physician has just told him that he has an incurable disease and that he has, at most, six weeks to live. Arnold is afraid to die and yet with death imminent he feels that he would like to make reparation to his step mother and his sister and if he can return to them the money he has lost they may never know that he has misappropriated it. He is confident that they will never believe no matter what happens that he really committed the crime. There is a long argument with Mrs. Van Zandt, who cannot bear the thought of securing her son's freedom in such a fashion. At last Arnold wins and then with her help he is able to arrange damaging evidence against himself. In addition, he secures a witness to whom he promises to pay five hundred dollars if he will swear that he saw Arnold shoot, and to describe circumstantially how he threw the revolver into the room and escaped.

* * *

Things happen as he plans and the detectives arrest him. He gives them a written confession. It has no sooner left his hands, however, than he receives a telegram from his physician telling him that a mistake was made in the laboratory. Instead of suffering from pernicious anemia, Eliot has nothing worse than malaria. He now feels that he has thrown his life away, unnecessarily, and being afraid to die he wishes to undo his bargain. The next morning in the district attorney's office, he tries to make it appear that the confession was merely in line with the bargain and that his original testimony was the right one. He is confronted with the man whom he has bribed. He has told this man to stick to his story no matter what he, Arnold, may say. The man does as he is told and in desperation, Arnold tells how he bribed the man. It then comes out that Arnold is the real murderer, and that everything has happened as it was described in the bargain, and that the man bribed to incriminate him was bribed in the beginning to deny all evidence of Arnold's guilt. The scene is intense and the interest is sustained to the close.

* *

Development of the situations is more interesting than would appear from a simple telling of the story. The acting was exceptionally good. John Emerson as Eliot Arnold is entirely convincing. He makes the figure just pathological enough to convey an impression of plausibility, and gives to his conception just the curious mixture of nervous force and weakness that would characterize such a man. Amelia Gardner as Mrs. Van Zandt is also convincing and exceedingly interesting in her handling of the tense scenes where Mr. Emerson's acting would go for nothing were she not an able second. The only false note that tended to spoil the illusion is introduced by Eileen Errol Corben as the fiancée. She started for the court room dressed in a pink evening coat that she might have worn to the opera. It is a very pretty coat, but it is utterly out of keeping with the situation and completely spoils what is otherwise a very powerful scene. What things one will sacrifice for vanity's sake.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, May 20, 1912.

MORE OF THE 1912 PARIS SPRING SALON

ONE HEARS a great deal of talk here among the artists, and especially among the students, about technical methods. There seem to be many ways of smearing paint on canvas, and each of these ways has its champions certain of whom use it because it is their natural means of expression, others adopting it arbitrarily and suffering all their lives from the use of that which is foreign to their natures. There is material for a large book on the use and abuse of methods. As to being able to state that any one method is more used than any other, is a question beyond me to answer. But I think, in a general way, it may be said that there is a general tendency with the majority of artists to paint rather thick than thin, and that the confusion between atmosphere and haze, so prevalent in recent years, is gradually breaking down. And both of these methods are distinct signs of advancement. When the two are combined, as they are in the paintings of Cariot, the effect is wonderfully warm and luminous and makes you feel as if you were really out of doors. This artist exposes two paintings: "A House in the Country," and "Autumn at Perigny." The paint is laid on in lumps so as to give a strangely attractive impression of solidity and very strong perspective. I do not mean that there is here any suggestion of the "point" method. It is just plain painting of nature as it looks to the artist, the solidity being expressed in a sort of bas-relief.

To turn from this to one that is not pleasant but has its place, "The Accident," by Chapuy representing an injured workman being carried by two of his companions. The scene itself might be made full of beauty and rich in human feeling, but there is nothing of this. The faces and figures of all the men are absolutely degraded, brutal, intemperate. I cannot imagine where this artist went to look for such working men unless it was in his own distorted imagination. The work is too well done to be passed over in silence. Charnaisson exposes four lovely scenes of Roman gardens on the Riviera. Here again we see the use of those lovely solid colors that are so like the colors of nature on a bright day, the sort of a day that makes the inside of your house seem like a prison rather than a refuge. About works of this kind it is most difficult to say just what is new, yet something novel there certainly is, for they are as different from the landscapes of a few years ago as can be. It suggests itself to the mind that perhaps this is due to combined influence of colored photography and Emile Zola, in other words, the result of a complete cessation of any attempt to idealize nature, an attempt rather to harden its effects than to soften them. Colors are made stronger and brighter or deeper than they ever are in nature, perspective is made more positive, more as it looks to us in a stereoscope, and the effects of light and shade more as they are in a dark night under a powerful arc light. This is in keeping with the developments in the other arts. For, as our nerves are getting stronger so all of the arts are seeking stronger means of touching them.

One of the most remarkable works in the salon is "Spring," by Rose Dujardin-Beaumez. It is a large canvas representing an avenue between tall trees and in the foreground a group of girls dancing a graceful round. The entire work is carried out in the purest of fresh, spring-like greens with purple shadows. There is no detail at all. It is as if you stood a long way off, so far off that all detail is merged into a single mass of color. It is vague, but not misty. It gives the impression of a day of brilliant sunshine, but without that glaring brightness which belongs to the tropics or to dry seasons rather than to the temperate north. And the lithe figures of the dancers are drawn with the same absence of southern passion and seem to suggest more the pale spirits of poetic idealism. This is a remarkable picture, but it is not strictly modern. It is to be associated with the poetic methods of thirty or forty years ago, that period of vague mysticism against which there is so positive a revulsion at present. Nevertheless, Miss Beaumez must be a remarkable young woman to be able to produce such a work whether it keeps pace with the rapidly advancing times or not.

Duval shows a painting called "The Good Samaritan" of which I do not in the least understand the meaning of the name, but which is a lovely landscape, whatever its meaning may be. (After all the arbitrary name given to it by the painter neither makes nor mars it.) There are several vague figures in this picture, but with them we have nothing to do. The real value of the work rests with the splendid rendition of a stormy twilight. The whole work is carried out in deep shades of brown, grey and purple. Trees stand before a stormy sky, bending over before the force of the wind. All of the foreground is immersed in gloom. What light there is seems to come from the distant clouds, and the

impression is that of the splendid majesty of nature in one of its angry moods. It reminds me of Shelley's "Spirit of Solitude."

Raoul Hynckes exhibits a scene in Holland or Belgium called "A Grey Day." It represents a canal with boats and reflections—the old story! But how new it seems! The artist somehow has found a new phase of these old beauties which our fathers and grandfathers have been crystalizing in verse or on canvas for all these forgotten years. The water appears smoother and more transparent. It reminds us vaguely of the spirit of Stevenson as he described this low country in his "Inland Voyage." There is something dreamy and lazy about this water and these boats which gives the feeling as if life were but a long holiday, as if these boats were put here to lend beauty to the landscape, as if the toil of loading and unloading, the daily grind, were but a horrible nightmare never to be lived in waking hours, as if we too were on an "inland voyage" with no care, no desire except to float forever down the quiet stream, no thought but to dream on into the endless eternity.

Certainly, a remarkable painter is Joseph Iwill of Paris. He possesses a perfect technic, and if his works do not altogether please you it is not because they are not well painted, but rather because they are too well painted. He shows six large canvases, two of which are particularly striking because of their perfect drawing. "Le Valvaire" and "La Lagune." The latter, especially, is a morning scene wherein nature is painted just as it is. That, of course, is the trouble with this picture. It is almost photographic in its perfection. One cannot pass it by without noticing its beauty, but it is too cold to move you deeply. Kunffy, a Hungarian, shows us a group of gypsies so splendidly done that one can only regret the futility of the subject. Lambert exposes six modern allegories of which it will be sufficient to describe but one. This is called "The Race for Wealth!" It shows a mad rush of automobiles, motorcycles, race horses, men on foot and in every sort of vehicle, racing after an imaginary prize. I forget whether there is an aeroplane in it or not, but it would be quite in place. This sort of thing bears the same relation to art as Walt Whitman's so-called verse bears to poetry.

To turn to something more pleasant, Laurent-Gsell shows a picture called "La Bouillabaisse"—which means very little to you unless you have tasted of the delicious "bouillabaisse" of the south. This is a dish of sea-food, fish of all sorts, oysters, clams, pieces of lobster and shrimp, all stewed up together with a sumptuous sauce of yellow saffron. The painting before us represents a group of peasants or fisher-folk sitting on the ground under a tree overlooking the Gulf of San Remo, and enjoying their evening bouillabaisse. The water, greyish-blue, is seen beyond the trees, and there is land in the distance. The trees, seemingly olives, are of that pale green that makes much of the landscape of northern Italy so attractive and so rare. The character of this scene is not unlike what one may see any day along the coast in California, the live-oaks giving much the same tint.

Muenier shows a river scene all done in copper and gold that is lovely. Richir gives us a "Rhine-gold," evidently inspired by Wagner's opera. It shows the Rhine-maidens swimming about and Alberich clinging to the rocks and trying to reach them. An excellent work of its kind,—a kind I do not personally care for. Rusinol shows three Spanish scenes of great beauty and originality. He paints Spain and its sunshine,—which is unlike California and its sunshine,—in a manner that is altogether unusual. But just what this originality consists of I find it impossible to say. There is a certain sharpness and hardness to the lines which is just what one actually sees in the bright glare of the southern sun, but which painters are averse to putting on canvas. No doubt, the work of the amateur may generally be distinguished by this very hardness, but also the work of the very gifted professional may show it to advantage. For it most certainly exists in nature. The only problem is how to make it real. The whole question of sky-vibrations and softened lines is being resolved, it seems to me, by the advanced school. It is time!

This ends my list. As I said to begin with, I look at the thing purely and simply from the viewpoint of an amateur. There is nothing I enjoy more than a picture gallery, but I do not bother myself about the fame of the painters or the quality or quantity of their technic. It is merely a matter of what personally gives me pleasure, but I cannot help observing that there are none, or very few of the great names on my list. I ask myself how much the taste of the general public is influenced by the professional critics? How many people, for instance, would pick out the work of Zuloaga as being to their taste if they were not brought to it by the critics? And how many of the other "great masters" would really take the fancy of the crowd if the crowd were not primed in advance?

In matters of art the crowd is so awfully afraid

of making a mistake. I wonder why? In music, surely, all the world expresses its opinion, and a ridiculous opinion it often is if we judge it from the standpoint of the professional critic. But music is a thing where one is more materially interested. For a few francs you buy a piece of music or a seat for opera or concert. Consequently, you are really interested in knowing what you really like and what you really do not like. In painting we none of us, generally speaking, have any chance to invest our cash in any one work any more than another. If we do buy pictures, it is at the rate of three or four in a lifetime. And if we suddenly acquire wealth would not most of us do as did the fabled Kansas farmer: select a still life because it represented perfectly the ears of corn from which he gained his fortune? In other words, would we not simply, like this old farmer, let our hearts speak for us in lieu of any knowledge of art-values? I think so, and I think it would not be out of place if criticism were once in a while placed on that basis.

What, after all, is our taste for? A food-crank comes along and tells us that a particular food we don't like and don't want to eat, is particularly nutritious and valuable. But do we immediately take to eating it? Not at all! We let our taste be our guide as usual. And so it ought to be in art. The chemical analysis may prove beyond all doubt that something we don't like is better than something we do like, but that should not influence our taste. And, as I suggested above, I don't for a moment believe it would influence our taste if we were frequently paying out our good money for it. So if you like rag-time better than Beethoven, go ahead and get as much as you want of it and if you like the unknown painters and their daubs better than the works of the great ones, don't be afraid to say so! It's nobody's business but yours. My! What a heretic I am!

FRANK PATTERSON.

Paris, May 10, 1912.

Bachelor Comforters

Without, the wind blows, keen, and whirls the snow
In eddying gusts: a white, drift-shrouded earth;
Shrill bugles of the Northwind blow and blow,
The heralds of the storm; so on the hearth
I heap the spruce-boughs high: the furious night
Lays fast on me its eery, dreary spell:
So then I seek me gladness in the bright
And blessed company of Little Nell.

The boughs' soft crackle and the light that lies
Upon the book might be the laughter clear
That ripples in her voice—the smiling eyes
Glad of the sweet communion with me here;
Together with the fire we dream and speak,
Trust unto Love and Love to Trust, nor stir
Till falls a tear, slow coursing down my cheek.
That mellow me with good for love of her.

So now she kisses me and says good night
As she has bidden me so many times;
While from the shadow somewhere and half-light
Smiles Orphan Annie. Blessed Riley rhymes
That give me her! And into my great heart
Of love she slips and lays her tangled hair
Against my cheek, to win me with the art
Of artlessness—and snuggles in my chair.

Now am I sworn, for love of her, to seek
The orphan and unfortunate, like her,
To brush the tear-stains from the unwashed cheek
And set a smile where grief and darkness were;
How many times, on such a night, she steals
From out her book, to bless the heart of me
With quickened sympathy and love—and feels
How tender, kind, we foster-folk may be.

And when she whispers me good night and goes
To bed, wrapped in her shimmering gown of dream,
The Boy Blue sits with me—his pink-white toes
Thrust forth into the hearth-fire's ruddy gleam;
His chubby arms about my neck, with lips
Close to my ear, while secrets vast unfold
Such as outmarvel, truly, and eclipse
The strangest fairy stories ever told.

What warmth is this, what glow and tenderness
That swell my heart and mist my half-closed eyes;
What love and joy and happiness, to bless
This furious night and me! What dreams arise
Of boys through all the world, beloved, blest
For Boy Blue's sake, who finds his way to me
Through night and bitter storm, and is my guest
To teach me boyhood's wondrous minstrelsy!

Ah, Dickens, Riley, Field—how be ye blest,
Ye parents of dream-children! By the art
That weaves thee dreams, ye bring me, each, a guest
This night to quicken love within my heart;
Love that is childhood's right, and sympathy;
My soul come nearer glory by the spell
Of Annie and Boy Blue—and ye give me
The blessed company of Little Nell!

JAMES W. FOLEY.

Dean of "Browsers" Talks Entertainingly on Old Books

BOOKLOVERS who have acquired the "browsing" habit in Los Angeles have long ago made the acquaintance of the dean of old book shops in Los Angeles. H. W. Collins, who, with his partner, Ernest Dawson, keeps a haunt for the craft over on Hill street. Occasionally, the transplanted Londoner, who used to wait on Gladstone, Austin Dobson and other browsers in old book shops in the British metropolis, years ago, makes little journeys to beach resorts and interior cities to talk "shop" and at Long Beach, on a certain occasion, he gave a dissertation on his hobby "Old Books and Book Shops," before a gathering of librarians in the public library rooms of that city. It was, naturally, of a reminiscent nature—like his hobby, but none the less interesting on that account. Said Dean Collins:

About the middle of the last century, I, like many an English country boy who has any ambition at all, resolved to go up to London to seek my fortune. Now, if there is any hard spot in the world for a country boy looking for a job, it is the city of London. Week after week he may walk the streets of that vast metropolis and never meet anyone he has known or even seen before, until he becomes depressed and despondent of getting work. That was my experience. So poor did my chances seem that there arose in my mind the question whether I should remain in London or go to sea. Just at that crisis—the turning point of my career as it proved to be—I came across a copy of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." After reading the awful experiences of the unfortunate sailors aboard the good ship "Pilgrim," the cruel work they were compelled to do, the terrible floggings to which they were subjected and all the hardships they endured here—on this very spot off San Pedro—I was cured of all desire to go to sea. I decided that the worst job in London would be better than the one before the mast. Finally, I found a job, one of the poorest a boy could have in London, but I was glad to get it; anything was better than being flogged by the brutal captain aboard the "Pilgrim."

It was a severe winter and my work hard, but I had a room and a bed, and I never tucked myself in on a cold night without thinking of poor Dana in his close quarters aboard the ship, with the hummocks of ice crashing against the sides of the cabin and threatening the vessel with destruction. My situation, hard as it was, was better than Dana's coming round the Horn. So strong was the impression made upon me by that book, that, even today, I cannot drink a cup of coffee without it seeming doubly good when I recall the selfish cruelty of the captain. You will remember he would order the cook to keep his coffee hot and bring it to him that he might drink it before the poor fellows huddled together forward, seldom even asking the mate to share it with him.

So, you see, I owe a great deal to that book and feel that I can never be grateful enough to the memory of its author. So much for "Two Years Before the Mast," and San Pedro. You will readily understand the interest with which I visited this part of the coast when in later years I came to make my home in California. That job, rough as it was, led to my obtaining a position in an old London book shop.

Now, in London, the young fellows who do the rough work round a store are called porters, and their usual wages is one pound a week, or in American money, five dollars; but the book-sellers, instead of calling such employees porters, style them collectors, and give them twenty-four shillings, or six dollars, a week. Such jobs were much sought after and you may wonder how I was lucky enough to secure one. I can only attribute my selection to my prior training.

When I was twelve years old I was employed at seven-and-a-half pence a week to wait on the printers and workmen in a printing office. It was dirty work. But there was one great advantage. I could gather up the loose sheets of printed matter that had been rejected and thrown out. I took them home to read. Then, again, the printers were considered a superior class, rather above the ordinary workmen and from them I learned a good deal. My experience in the printing office was very valuable to me, it inspired me with a desire to learn, to find out things for myself and above all, it implanted in me the love of reading. To the knowledge and experience thus acquired I doubtless owed my success in securing a position in an old book shop.

I wish I had time to tell you in detail of my life and work in that old book shop. To become a successful bookseller one must begin at the bot-

tom as in all other professions and the humblest position in an old book shop affords wonderful opportunities for self-education and advancement. Everything depends upon the individual. You yourselves must know that the mere handling of books is an education and a privilege if it is done in the right spirit. When I entered that old book shop I knew little about books, but I was anxious, desperately anxious, to learn and in my heart there was a real love of books. And the opportunities came—faster than I was able to avail myself of them.

I distinctly remember one caller coming into the shop and asking for a "Strawberry Hill" edition of a certain work. Now, up to that time I had always thought a book was a book—questions about editions and other booklore never entered into my calculations. Why should this customer call for a "Strawberry Hill" edition of this particular book? Why was it preferable to any other? Here was something I had to find out and I was never satisfied until I had learned a few facts about "Strawberry Hill" and Horace Walpole. I have before me a genuine "Strawberry Hill" edition from our book shop in Los Angeles and I suggest to you young people that you look up Horace Walpole and Strawberry Hill in your encyclopedias. In just this way I have learned and am still learning about old books.

But the handling and the study of books is not the only privilege and opportunity for self-improvement in an old book shop. Among those who patronized our shop in London were counted the most distinguished literary and artistic men of the day, whose names are familiar all the world over. Let me recall a few of them. Among the literary men were Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, Charles Reade, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Geo. Augustus Sala, J. O. Halliwell, the great Shakespearean scholar, Oscar Wilde and many others of lesser note.

Of the artists I can readily remember Leighton, Millais, Poynter, Watts, William Morris, Val Prinsep, Herkomer, Orchardson, Vicat Cole, George Boughton, Alma Tadema, Holman Hunt, Cope, Hook, Redgrave, Eyre Crowe, Sir Edgar Boehme, Burne-Jones, and last, though by no means least, that strange genius James McNeil Whistler.

Truly, a great and goodly company. Hardly a day passed but several of them were in the shop and many a rare story I could tell you about almost any one of them if I had the time. He would have been a dull man indeed who could not have gathered up at least a few crumbs of wisdom or felt inspiration from such an association.

An old book shop is always more than a mere place where books are bought and sold, with its invitation to browse, its quiet and old-world atmosphere. It affords an opportunity, to those who love books, of passing an idle half-hour profitably and of meeting kindred spirits and exchanging ideas. Such was our shop. Many were the interesting meetings I witnessed and many the wonderful conversations and discussions I heard.

One morning, in particular, I remember a number of artists were in the shop and evidently more interested in their conversation than in our books. Moreover, something was wrong. "Have you heard about Peter Martyr?" was the question put to each newcomer. Whatever had happened to Peter Martyr, it was bad news to that little band of artists. What was the news and who was Peter Martyr? I had no idea. Simon Peter I knew, for like most English country boys I had been taught my Bible and to do my duty in my state of life, but I was ignorant of Peter Martyr. And so I listened and learned. Peter Martyr was a picture by Titian. It had just been burned and the world had lost a treasure that could never be replaced. It was this great loss that was troubling the artists. Here was a revelation that awoke in me the appreciation of art that has meant so much to me ever since. I realized the value and the power of art and its influence over men. A picture had been destroyed and these men, whose ability and intelligence I so much admired, contemplated its destruction with the keenest sorrow. It was for them an irreparable loss.

Since then I have come to know that picture and its merits. I have always kept a copy of it by me and have one in my possession now, a fine engraving by Henry Laurent. I always look upon it with the deepest feeling, for the Peter Martyr opened up for me a new world, the world of art in which the emotional side of my nature has found its highest development.

Nor were my privileges confined entirely within the walls of our shop. It was my duty to keep a lookout for special editions and works that our

customers wished to secure and take them to the house of the person who had made the demand. Thus it came about that I frequently went to the home of a distinguished artist or literary man. On such occasions I not seldom met with a reward more lasting than the satisfaction of a good sale. For I was a good listener, and a good listener, like a lover, is admired all the world over. Many a time I listened to a discourse on a particular work by a man whose opinion on the subject the public was willing to pay a good round price to hear. To me, a young collector, such men often spoke on the subject of art and books with a freedom and absence of restraint that they could not indulge in their public utterances. They gave to me, what no amount of money could have gleaned from them in public.

Those visits are among the happiest recollections of my early days. I cannot refrain from noticing that among the Long Beach library possessions is Sir William Stirling Maxwell's "Artists in Spain." This has touched me closely because I was well acquainted with Sir William. He was one of our regular customers—lives in my memory today as an example of a perfect English gentleman. A man of refinement and culture, who in the enjoyment of his great wealth and high position devoted himself to art for pure love of art. To know him even slightly was a pleasure and a privilege. On many occasions he was accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Norton, who later became Lady Stirling Maxwell, and in speaking to young women I always ask them to look up in their biographical dictionaries the life of that gifted poet.

But to turn more particularly to the subject of old books. In the course of time I was set to catalogue old books. Can you understand what that means? Perhaps you think you know only too well, for I noticed this afternoon how thorough and systematic is your training in this important branch of your work! But a booksellers' catalogue is made from a slightly different point of view from that of the librarian, and I am grateful to my employer in London for the pains he took in teaching me to bring out in my cataloguing the selling qualities of a book.

Now, here in my hand I hold an old book. Look at it. What is my first impression as I pick it up? It is the sense of tone, of atmosphere, the "patina" that only time can give; that which in the heart of the true book-lover calls for reverence. Who knows what strange vicissitudes this book has passed through! What strange histories it could tell, had it the power of speech, of the men who have owned and perused its pages in days long passed. How well it has stood the test of time since it came from the hand of the binder in an old world monastery! The oaken boards are still strong and stoutly bound in pig's skin beautifully elaborated. True, it is weather-stained and here and there the edges are worn and frayed; but these are honorable scars and we can but contemplate them with reverence. They remind me of the faded colors of a regiment, torn and tattered by shot and shell that hang as memorials of past service by the altars of so many churches and cathedrals of England. Small wonder that this book should bear the marks of long and honorable service, for its date—1513—proves it to be almost 400 years old.

Does it not carry its age well? How many of our modern books will be able to give as good an account of themselves even fifty years from today? Notice, too, how full this old book is of manuscript notes, many of them at least 300 or 350 years old, and yet they stand out as clear and as intelligible in every particular. This is the more strange when we remind ourselves that the Declaration of Independence has faded and the writing upon it of so comparatively recent a date—cannot be preserved.

But to go back to our old friend—for I hope you begin to regard this old book as a friend, whose acquaintance you are glad and proud to have made—let us consider this date 1513, a little more closely. It is, indeed, often helpful to use a particular date in an era, and group facts around it. Who was alive at this time and what was happening in the world?

Henry VIII, who had only been four years on the throne of England, had just married his brother's widow, Catherine of Aragon. Ferdinand of Spain was still alive, but Isabella was dead. Leo X had recently ascended the Papal throne, and given young Raphael the commission to design the cartoons which, after a chain of wonderful events, now find a resting place in the Victoria and Albert Museum at London. It was, indeed, the love of luxury and display that led Pope Leo to replenish his empty coffers by the sale of papal indulgences, thus bringing upon himself the denunciations of

Luther and the beginnings of the Reformation. Besides Raphael, Michael Angelo Da Vinci, Holbein, Titian and Albert Durer were alive at this time. America had only been discovered twenty-one years; California was unknown, though "Oro" had been used by the Spaniards in connection with a region they had heard talked about. Virginia had not been settled by Sir Walter Raleigh, nor Maryland by Lord Baltimore; nor did the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers occur for more than a hundred years. Spencer and Shakespeare and all the luminaries of the Elizabethan period were unborn, and our old friend has outlived Edward VI, poor Lady Jane Grey, Queen Mary, Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, Cromwell, Charles II, James II, William and Mary, Queen Anne, the four Georges, William the Fourth, Queen Victoria and Edward the Seventh—what a wonderful chapter in the history of the world this book has served. Four hundred years of progress without parallel.

"Valerius Maximus," is the title of the book. Time will not allow me to discuss the contents, but I hope you will look up Valerius in your classical dictionaries. For the present I can only tell you that he was a rhetorician and historian and this volume contains a number of stories that would be useful to his pupils. You will also find that such a book was needed for educational purposes at this particular period, in proof of which I now show you another copy of the same work, published by Aldus 1502. You should all know something about Aldus. He was a great printer who lived at Venice and his name is one of the most illustrious in the history of printing. A few years before this original 1502 edition was printed Aldus had become dissatisfied with the large black letter type—the only type then in use—and in his search for a model, smaller and more artistic, enabling him to print more matter in less space, he came across a specimen of the handwriting of the poet Petrarch, and had his type cast in imitation of it, with the result that he was able to produce small, elegant volumes, easy to handle in place of the heavy "folios" theretofore in use.

Notice the convenient size of the volume, the beautiful cursive type. We still use that type and call it "Italic." Remember, it is the handwriting of Petrarch and was first used by Aldus, a great printer, and one of the noblest of men. I wish I could tell you at length the story of his life and works; notice the sign on this title page—the emblem of Aldus and the house of Aldi, that he established—an anchor entwined by a dolphin. They were intended to symbolize the qualities that Aldus sought to combine in his work—"holding fast" and "pressing on"—swiftness and sureness. To make haste slowly was his aim. You must read his life to realize how splendidly he achieved it.

The books that we have been considering, so far have all been originals, but I have here a few reproductions about which I must say a few words. Here is a Caxton, a reproduction which shows you very clearly the beauty of his work, and the bold black letter type that caused Aldus, as we have already noted, to adopt type of a more convenient and compact size. It will I am sure, be a great help to you in your work, to acquaint yourselves with the lives of Caxton and Aldus. They are more romantic than any romance and will fill you with admiration for the devotion of these noble men to the art of printing and bookmaking.

Now, I am going further back in history and will show you more facsimiles of early titles and endings of rare old books, originals of which can be found only in the national libraries of Europe. The beautiful lettering and ornamentation tell us how dearly these old printers loved their work. But above all, I must draw your attention to the Gutenberg or Mazarine Bible, the first work printed in movable type, forty-two lines to the page; note the beautifully ornamented border of birds, flowers and foliage; the rubricated capitals! What a marvellous work the original must be! No wonder the copy brings so enormous a price whenever it comes into the market. It has been said that up to this time, in spite of all the modern improvements, the typography and general character of this work has never been surpassed. Here is a reproduction of a block book—the Speculum Humanac Salvationis—The Mirror of Salvation—the most curious of its kind. It is looked upon as a connecting link between block-books proper and type-printed books. Notice the block-printed illustrations at the head of each page. Crude as they are they possess a beauty, design, and finish that would be hard to equal even today.

But the earliest of all the block-books was the Biblia Pauperum, or Bible of the Poor, designed for persons of unlearned minds and light purses, who could not afford ordinary manuscript copies, nor had sufficient education to read them. This poor man's Bible was exactly suited to their need,

since it was a book to look at rather than to read, the text being subordinate to the pictures.

And lastly, here is a facsimile of a page of one of those precious manuscripts we have just had occasion to mention. It is taken from a book of devotions to the Blessed Virgin, written about 1430. Notice the border, its delicate coloring and burnished gold, its quaint design exhibiting flowers, fruit, animals, figures, human and grotesque! What skill it reveals! Note, in particular, the initial letter in gold and divers colors, containing a beautiful miniature of the Annunciation. If the spirit of devotion is expressed anywhere, it is to be found there in that little picture—only one of many such genius with which the book is studded. The writing itself is large and clear and beautiful. The whole work is eloquent of a capacity for taking pains that will put us to shame when we think of the shortcomings of so much of our own work nowadays. But it does us all good to take a quiet hour occasionally, in which to look back for inspiration and example, to those early days.

That has been my object in speaking to you this evening and taking you back to the beginning of book printing and book-binding, and I hope it will help you in your work and remind you how rich a heritage is entrusted to you as librarians. It is difficult for us, nowadays, to realize the cost in love and labor of these early works; the self-sacrifice and devotion their production involved, but we can give heed to the spirit in which they were undertaken and completed, and endeavor to walk worthy "our high calling."

In conclusion, let me read to you the inscription at the end of the Mazarine Bible. "This book was illuminated, bound and perfected by Heinrich Cremer, Vicar of the Collegiate Church of St. Stephen in Mentz, on the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, in the year of Our Lord 1456. Thanks be to God. Hallelujah."

SOUL-STIRRING AND PICTURESQUE PLAY

AS A dramatic production "The Mission Play," at the San Gabriel Mission Theater has had so many columns of comment that there remains little to be said on that score. Not primarily a play, but a pageant, it is astonishing how the spirit of the thing grips one. History lives palpitating in the words and gestures of Junipero Serra and the audience responds to the thrill of it from first to last. A pitiful band of zealots cast upon the inhospitable shore of a vast, unknown country, become, by the faith, the ecstatic self-abnegation of one mastering spirit, the regenerating force that uplifts a multitude. The first act is the apotheosis of religious fervor. Junipero Serra, deaf to reason, undaunted by disappointments, by declaration, by indifference on the part of his men, has "the faith that removes mountains." Mr. McGroarty, by the earnest, eloquent, yet simple lines given the character, and Mr. Horning, by his finished acting, make a scene that gives the onlooker the gripping certainty that only so, by a simple faith and an overmastering confidence in the goodness of God's ways, have great deeds been wrought and great causes won.

In Junipero Serra is seen every hero of the church; the Pilgrim Fathers dared thus, believing in their destiny. Pere Marquette, kissing the crucifix, bade defiance to reason in the same inspired way. It compels results, and surely is the faith that passeth understanding. Mr. McGroarty has done a great and fine thing to put in concrete form this yearning, brooding concern for the unsaved souls of men, that two centuries ago sent missionaries with the soldiers on whatever quest commanded a following. Absolutely unselfish, with an eye single to the good of the gentile who was his brother, this little band of priests not only made the earth yield to their efforts, but the sins of men could not withstand them either. It was a flame that fired the soul. Book history is a cold affair; at best it stirs the imagination and creates a picture in the poet's eyes, and so few of us are poets. But to see in verisimilitude the heroes live, faith triumphant, the haughty humbled—is to have the heart stirred and the soul uplifted in the duldest onlooker.

The whole setting is a picture. Five minutes in the dim-lit, austere theater carries the mind back; an atmosphere is created by the tall candles, the books on high shelves, the grain baskets in the corners, the religious pictures on the walls, and the old bell hanging overhead. The curtain, too, is a flexible old tapestry, apparently with stiff, martial figures outlined against ecclesiastical symbols, the whole surrounded by a frame. When the violin begins a thin thread of melody and dusky figures flit in the half light before the curtain, 1912 falls away with the daylight and as the curtain rolls back and the bay of San Diego stretches before one, Point Loma looming over the gate of the bay, the Coronado strip of sand—minus the hotel—marking the opposite line, the gaily-dressed dis-

contented soldiers weary of watching for the return of Gaspar de Portola are in keeping with the bare sand, the sharp points of the cactus and the empty, empty landscape. The sleeping priest accents the dullness of it all, until Junipero Serra appears, when everything takes life. The soldiers have their most courageous words for him, complaints cease, they look for de Portola, expecting to see him, through the vivid faith of Serra.

Portola comes with his footsore followers and tales of disasters. The Bay of Monterey cannot be found, and he swears to sail for Mexico with the tide. Serra pleads in vain for delay of a day hoping for a relief ship. Portola will take him by force if need be. Serra falls upon his knees and prays, a frantic, desperate cry for aid. Heaven cannot be deaf to such prayers, and the close of the first act gives a moment rarely equalled at the theater. Like Keats one would say:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent—upon a peak in Darien.

The second act holds the attention and carries the story to its climax. The dancers, and mass of color, with the music make a picturesque and charming diversion from the solemnity of the Fathers' talk. Fifteen years of work and devotion have wrought this miracle of happy convents, bursting granaries, and flocks and herds upon the hills. But Serra is old, misgivings for the future of his converts trouble him. Lust and jealousy have entered to disturb his peace, the soldiery is powerful and scornful of the church. Twenty times has Serra walked from San Diego Mission to the Mission of St. Francis at San Francisco. All is peace and prosperity—and yet he fears. With what reason the third act shows. More than half a century has elapsed, Serra is no more, his grave neglected at Carmelo. The missions are in the hands of Americans, the Indians driven out, where they starve upon barren hills. Senora Dona Josepha voices the protest of her church and her people at the desecration that has ruined the holy places.

The part of the senora is taken by Lillian Burkhardt, who succeeds the Princess Lazarovich. Her impassioned prayer over the bier of the priest will live long in the memory. In a charmingly picturesque gown of the period, 1847, she fittingly represents the grand dame of the rancho, solicitous for her people and her church unreconciled to a change no one understands. The prosperous, busy Indians grouped about the missions, vanished like smoke. The blighting touch of commercialism destroyed them. For the ox-cart, we have the trolley, and for the pasture wide, the orange grove, but for Junipero Serra and his devoted band of followers, what? For disinterested love, and unassailable faith, what? The thinking person asks himself these questions as he journeys home from the play.

Mr. Horning as Junipero Serra gives a well nigh flawless presentation. His earnest voice and easy manner, his natural and simple piety melt the heart, while his eloquent hands astonish at every turn. Don Gaspar (Mr. Lynton), is a flesh and blood reality, also the thirteen padres who hovered about Serra. Mr. Harris plays Vincenza, a Bajo California neophyte, with a genuineness that makes it notable. All the roles are acceptably filled, the costuming is picturesque and true to the type.

The play still needs severe pruning by the stage manager. The talk between the soldiers in the second act, preceding the dances is too long and served without words. And the conversation between the child and the guard at the beginning of the third act leads one to expect a ghost at any minute. There is deplorable carelessness of pronunciation that should be corrected, "gubernador" for instance came over the foot-lights, at least in three different styles. These are trifling defects, but for that very reason should be corrected, not to mar so much perfection. Only by saturating his mind and spirit with the very essence of Christian zeal could Mr. McGroarty have achieved so notable a work. It breathes the devotee and the poet throughout. No one should fail to see "The Mission Play." It is a revelation to one not versed in California's history, and an inspiration to all. It is well to have the springs of emotion touched by an appeal so tender.

MADGE CLOVER.

Mutations of Time

Superior Judge Bordwell having been upheld by the court of appeals in the wireless issue in which the publisher of the Tribune was defendant, the matter has become ancient history. It is curious to note that A. Fenner Webb, who was managing editor of the Herald—then a morning paper—and who received the message from Avalon in which he was virtually instructed to show Earl no mercy, has since become the Tribune publisher, under Mr. Earl's personal direction. Tempora mutantur.

IN THE SALON OF THE INDEPENDENTS

DOWN near the Champs de Mars, almost in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, on the broad street that runs along the left bank of the Seine over the tracks of the Versailles electric line, a long building has been constructed to hold the pictures of the "Independents." It is a loose, frame structure, nearly half a mile long, with a roof partly of tile, partly of glass, a floor of bare earth, and walls of thin board covered everywhere with pictures in every conceivable style and school. There are about four thousand pictures or other works of art, drawings, statues, etc.

In order to understand how such an exhibition is possible it is necessary to look a little into the history of it. Twenty-eight years ago a number of artists whose work was refused admission to any of the regular exhibitions got together and organized a new salon, calling themselves the Independents. Their plan was simple. They had the moral certainty that most painters, even the poorest, would be able and willing to pay a small sum—I believe it is ten francs—for the privilege of seeing their work hung. And this supposition proved to be absolutely correct. The thing was launched and proved an immediate success, a success that has continued through all these years, through vicissitudes of all sorts, such as the difficulty of finding a suitable hall in which to exhibit, and the Salon of the Independents has now become not only a fixed thing, but one of the most interesting yearly events of the Paris art world, for it is here, if anywhere, that every new artistic manifestation is sure to have its birth.

It is difficult, of course, if not entirely impossible, to name in so many words the desires and intentions of the modern artist. Whether Richard Strauss intends to shock us with his "Salome," whether he is simply aiming at doing something extremely original in order to call attention to himself, or whether he has really a deep sympathy for this sort of art, it is impossible to say. And we are in the same position in regard to the modern school of painting. We ask ourselves in vain whether or not these men are sincere. We hear them often lightly and thoughtlessly accused of simply seeking to be original, but is that accusation true? How are we to know? Simply because a man does not think as we think and feel, we are certainly not authorized in saying that he is insincere! And we know from past history that all sorts of innovations have been howled down by the contemporary world, only to be recognized as sublime works of genius by posterity. It is also true that many men who have never been known to fame are the recognized inventors of methods which have made other men famous. The man who experiments in art must always be prepared to take the risk that a pupil or follower of greater genius will get the whole credit for the invention of a new school. Such is life.

* * *

We do well, therefore, to take the matter seriously and to endeavor to understand. For even the most exaggerated fantasies of the "Cubists" and "Futurists" have assuredly some germ of an idea or a theory at their base if only we can find out what it is. Now, it is practically impossible in an article of this kind to give a clear idea of what these modern pictures really look like. And even with the aid of ordinary illustrations this would still be extremely difficult. In fact, illustrations from photographs without colors of these works, give altogether a false idea of them. And yet, if I am to speak of these things, I must at least make an attempt to describe them. Let us begin with the futurists, because they really embrace all the other schools. The futurist idea seems to be to generalize. If he paints a tree he paints not one particular tree from a particular model he found growing in the country, but trees in general. If he paints a city he paints no particular scene from any particular city, but takes the salient features that belong to all cities and casts them together on his canvas in such formless mass that no particular feature shall be especially prominent.

In the old school we have often seen pictures that the painter has named simply "Paris." It is a common subject. The artist in those ancient days (a year or two ago) had the habit of taking a single feature of the life of the city, or, more often still, one of the pitiful results or effects of this life. For instance, the artist would paint a beggar in the street and a courtesan flying by in her carriage and call this "Paris." Or the artist would paint a poor, drunken wretch sitting at a table on the boulevard, poisoning himself with absinthe, and call this "Paris." You immediately recognize this as the old method. The new method is as different as possible. The artist puts as much of Paris as he possibly can on his one canvas. And he destroys their actual notions just as the poet would do. He may place the Eiffel Tower in touch with the church of Montmartre, and the Invalides in the Bois de Boulogne.

But is not that just what the poet would do if he were to write a rhapsody of this city? He would not take the guide-book route, but would make successive mention of the various statues and monuments in an order suggested not by their proximity, but by their sentimental association.

As for the ideal, that is not far to seek, for the same process has gradually become a part of modern poetry. The old days of the ballad, with its descriptions of simple action with intermezzos concerning the scenery or the weather, are long dead. In the advanced poetry of today a single word suggests an emotion. The sentences of this poetry often mean nothing. They are simply successions of words suggesting associate ideas. It is useless to attempt to understand exactly what the poet wishes to say, useless to sneak in his verse a series of events, for he says nothing, and events there are none. His whole idea is to suggest a sentiment, to move you as music moves you, without the aid of concrete ideas or happenings. And in the matter of the paintings of the futurists exactly the same thing is true. But, after all, which is the more ridiculous, this method or the old method? In this same salon there is a picture in the old style. It is entitled, "The Moonlight Sonata." It represents simply the portrait of a handsome woman. Could anything be more fatuous than this arbitrary name? And yet for years and years this stupid, sentimental method nearly ruled the art world. You had to have a catalogue to find out the names of the pictures in any exhibition, and after you found out the name you were often puzzled to discover the associations between the name and the picture.

* * *

In a certain way this futurist method may be called symphonic. The objection that painting is a primitive art because it must always have an object to represent, and is always, after all, simply the more or less idealized portrait of a model, whether this model be a tree or a house or a person, has been partly overcome. In music a symphony is made up of various melodies or motives, most of them very short, which, in the development, are brought closer and closer together until we almost get the impression of hearing them all at once. In these futurist pictures the same idea is developed. A mass of subjects all closely associated with a single idea, and none of them painted out so as to be more than mere suggestions, are thrown together on the canvas. These suggestions are generally very vague. As, for instance, in a painting called "The Hunt," you see little pieces of metal that you recognize as belonging to a gun. You see frightened eyes, the eyes of the animals who are the victims of the hunt. Do these eyes need any bodies? Not at all! They are more expressive and more horrible as they are. There is a mere vague suggestion of a man or many men; trees, clouds, and so on. A mere jumble, laughable enough, no doubt. And yet we are bound to say to ourselves that if this art were not in its infancy, if it were fully developed and perfectly done, it would be tremendously impressive.

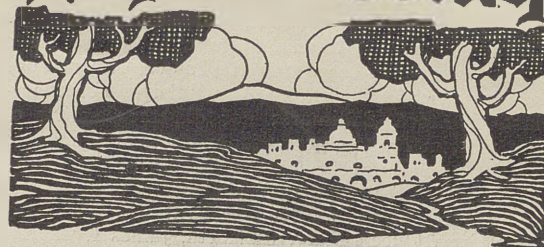
At present it is an art that has many forms and many manners. The artists are not leagued together in any way and are not in accord as to technical procedure. But there are two features that are particularly noticeable. The one is a tendency to excessive exaggeration of the "blocking-out" system as taught in the schools—which, for want of a better name, has been called "Cubism." And the other—and this is very bad—is a tendency toward caricature. There is no need to enter into a discussion of this phase of the question. There is really nothing new about it and it is sure to die a natural death. As for the cubists, that is quite another matter. We realize that it is a protest against the softness of certain painters and that, as such, it is bound to have a good effect. For there is nothing in art so dangerous as this insipid, characterless softness of line and curve. But why the senseless exaggeration of the cubists? It may not be well to make a man's legs round and soft and smooth, but why make them square? That is the cubist method, and it seems to lack common sense.

The salon is not filled entirely with these modernist works, but what is the use of writing of the others? There are hundreds of really good, salable pictures, hundreds of mere daubs which could find entry into no exhibition where there was a strict jury. But these works you can see anywhere, in any country, in the window of any art store. They may be good but they are not new. As for the modernists, they are shown in all grades, all forms, all styles and degrees from the mere exaggeration of color or line to the unnamable phantasm, the weird dream of I know not what disciple of Poe, Cardelaire, or Hoffman. Over much of the work we may be inclined to laugh, but he who laughs last, laughs best, and the laughter, unless I am greatly mistaken, soon will be on the side of the futurists.

FRANK PATTERSON.

Paris, May 2, 1912.

By the Way



Fred Walton Without a Commission

When Col. J. B. Lankershim, with his son Jack, and John W. Mitchell, started off this week for a tour of the European continent, the Colonel, for the first time in his flittings abroad, left his managing representative, Fred Walton, without a task to carry to completion. Heretofore, the intervals in the Colonel's foreign tours have offered no vacation time to Fred. In one absence of his chief he was left to build the Lankershim block at Third and Spring streets; another time he erected the Lankershim hotel at Seventh and Broadway; on a third occasion he added two stories to the Third and Spring street structure; a fourth season found him putting up the San Fernando building at Fourth and Main and last year he added the seventh and eighth stories to that well-conducted office building, all to the complete satisfaction of his principal. These fine properties—among the best earning investments of Los Angeles—are wholly entrusted to Mr. Walton, whose years of attention to the colonel's interests have won for him the unreserved confidence of his chief, who by the way, without doubt, is to be regarded as the largest single landlord in Los Angeles. Colonel Lankershim will be home in the fall.

Captain Peacocke is Arriving

Persistence and steady improvement in his art, are gradually giving Captain Leslie T. Peacocke the foothold he deserves with eastern magazines and dramatic producers. His one-act sketch in the current Smart Set, "The Penultimate Test," shows decided gain in technique, literary smoothness and dramatic construction. A three-act comedy of his, recently tried out at New Bedford, Mass., made a distinct hit. It will be put on in New York in the fall without a name and the public is to be asked to supply a suitable title, the one adjudged the best, to carry a prize award to the originator. My congratulations to the persevering Los Angeles playwright.

Ostrich Farm's Lavish Souvenirs

Los Angeles has held the center of the stage this week at Dallas, Texas, where the annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America is in session. This city boasts of a number of the brightest advertising men in the profession, and is also noted for its disregard for expense in boosting the home town. A. Dallas flocked to the headquarters of the Angel City, where handsome souvenirs were lavishly dispensed. The big souvenir feature was provided by the Cawston Ostrich Farm which sent a thousand clusters of ostrich feathers, that were distributed to the women attending the grand reception and were afterward used as headdresses at the big dance.

Wise Meyer Lissner

It is reported that while in Los Angeles, Gifford Pinchot intimated to certain friends of Meyer Lissner that if it were ever in his power he would like to recommend Lissner for recognition for political service rendered, especially in the event of Roosevelt's election. When Lissner heard the story it is said that he sought Pinchot and declared that in no circumstances was he seeking political honors—intimating that he had enough of that sort of thing in his experiences as a member of the public service commission in this city, an office with no emolument attached, which he finally was forced to give up in disgust.

Senseless Boycott of Stock Exchange

Publicity continues to be a problem with the Los Angeles Stock Exchange. The directors recently named a special committee for the purpose of devising ways and means for recognition of their organization by the daily press of the city. For an unknown reason the Los Angeles Examiner will not mention the exchange if it can be avoided. Time and again has the exchange management sought to discover the cause of this discrimination, especially in view of the fact that the Examiner daily prints several columns about Wall street, San Francisco and Chicago securities, in which, at times, not one per cent of the population takes much, if any in-

terest. Yet when a certain bank stock recently soared from \$700 to \$1000 a share the Hearst paper did not carry a line of comment or of fact on one of the big financial stories of the day. If this boycott continues, it may incite the exchange management to retaliation, according to rumor.

At the President's Request

Colonel George A. Black, who has proved his mettle in more than one political engagement, was not surprised at the outcome of the recent Republican primaries in California, but says he has no regrets for his part in the conflict. The fact is that but for the personal solicitation of President Taft himself, Black would not have been so active in the fray. Time and again he was importuned by various cliques to get actively into the contest, but felt that his business engagements would not permit. Finally, there came a letter from the White House requesting him to assist in carrying Southern California, if such a result were possible. Then only did Colonel Black take off his coat for the Taft cause. Since the primary election both he and Phil Stanton have received letters of acknowledgment from the President for their political services, and each treasures his note as compensation for his efforts.

In No Mood for Festivals

Apparently, the idea of a large celebration of the completion of the aqueduct by January 1, is not being taken too seriously. With the Shrine festival leaving a "headachy" feeling, the city is not in a mood to begin making plans for another holiday of the same general description. It has been suggested that the commercial organizations of the city sponsor the undertaking and plan a festival simultaneous with the real opening of the Panama canal, say in January, 1914. The San Francisco fair comes a year later, and in this way we would be ahead of the big celebration by several months, with all of the publicity and other benefits incidental to the fair.

Bell Interests Getting Busy

Small credence was given The Graphic's recent story to the effect that with the absorption of the San Francisco Home properties by the Bell Telephone interests, other lines up and down the state would be taken over. However, verification was given this week with the filing of notice by the Bell management with the state board of public utilities that it is about ready to acquire the properties of its present rival in Pasadena. It is said that similar absorptions will quickly follow, Los Angeles being about the last on the program. The Graphic has persistently advised tired holders of Los Angeles Home securities to "sit tight," as with time they are certain to dispose of their stocks at an excellent figure.

Rooseveltters Aided La Follette

Leaders of the Old Guard Republicans are cackling over the revelation that William Kent contributed \$10,000 to the La Follette campaign fund, that Gifford Pinchot and his brother, Amos, each put up a similar amount; and that William Flynn, the Pittsburg boss donated \$2,500 to the cause. Kent is one of the delegates-at-large recently elected from California to vote for Roosevelt, and of course, we all know how hard Gifford Pinchot worked here and how much interest he is still taking in the colonel's success. Naturally these campaign subscriptions to La Follette's cause were made before Roosevelt threw his hat into the ring. Whether paid up or not, it is reported here that the La Follette managers are confident that the Pinchots, Congressman Kent and the other Roosevelt admirers will not renig on their promises.

Would Re-Establish Himself

Arthur C. Harper, former mayor of Los Angeles, would be declared a bankrupt, in order to begin over again. Indulging in vicious politics ruined Harper, who was a genial and popular citizen before he took office. Since his forced retirement he has striven to repair his fallen estate, which was wrecked when he left the mayoralty chair. It is said that his experience cost him close to two hundred thousand dollars, besides his time and his good name. His friends certainly hope he may re-establish himself.

Old Soldiers Were Disappointing

Three days before the presidential preference primary President Taft signed the new pension bill affecting every one of the voters at the Soldiers' Home, and it was confidently expected that he would garner a majority of the votes in that district. Yet Roosevelt carried everything before him among the Home veterans, by at least two to one. In the past the Soldiers' Home has been a hot bed of stalwart Republicanism, and it was believed that

in gratitude to the signer of the added pension bill, substantial appreciation would result. But it seems that the veterans preferred to remember an address delivered by the President on his last visit there, in which he suggested that the home was a pretty good place for old men to pass their declining years. Of course, Mr. Taft had no intention of reflecting upon their poverty, yet the speech has been used to his disadvantage wherever there is a soldier vote, and in the late primary in this state it had a depressing effect. Senseless, of course. Mr. Taft might better have vetoed the bill.

Urban and Interurban Railways

Who is responsible for the application before the municipal authorities for a blanket elevated railway franchise inside the city limits, for which, it is said, there is plenty of capital forthcoming? There is an intimation that the application may really have originated near Southern Pacific headquarters in New York. Henry E. Huntington who arrived in Los Angeles this week, coming from New York, where he has been for several months, it is said, has arranged to meet a committee from the city council to discuss ways and means for the municipality taking over his present city lines. It is believed that when it comes to final action on the application pending for the proposed new elevated system, an attempt will be made by those who favor municipal ownership to defeat the project with a suggestion that the city take over the project. Apropos of railway matters, Vice President and General Manager Paul Shoup announces that it will cost \$12,000,000 to build the proposed Pacific Electric subways to and from the beach—\$2,000,000 a mile for six miles! While this important improvement is not to be rushed at once, it is probably only a matter of a comparatively short time before work will begin.

Showing Our Neighbors How

San Francisco is bubbling under the surface with a real estate movement for which Los Angeles experts are responsible. I hear that several well known operators from this city recently interested the northern field in subdivision schemes that have shown great activity. Tunnels are to be bored to connect the business sections of the city with the hills, thus making San Francisco attractive for home purposes, by bringing desirable residence sections within a few minutes' of the congested district. The Los Angeles experts who took part in this invasion will, I hear, return presently, with a harvest of northern money.

Newby Case May be Different

Nathan Newby's case against the Times, in which he claims damages in a large sum for alleged libel, is on trial, and it is thought that the result will be altogether different from that of the Taggart case decided last week for the defendant. In the latter issue, the Times had no difficulty in proving that the city license and tax collector had not been injured by the story. In the Newby case, on the other hand, there was a direct charge of falsification of public records, against one of the best known attorneys in the city, and it is said that the accusation will be easy to disprove. The trial probably will last several days. The alleged offense was committed before the McNamara dynamiting of the Times building.

Steadily Forging Ahead

Los Angeles bank clearings are now better than half of the weekly showing made in San Francisco. Students of finances declare that it is only a question of time when we will overtake the northern city. The prediction is made that by 1915, the total clearings of Los Angeles will be in excess of \$50,000,000 a week, which is about the present San Francisco figure. Scores of northern bankers who are attending the state bank meeting in Long Beach do not hesitate to say that in the next two years Los Angeles will be within San Francisco's clearing distance.

Bright Day Visits Us

Los Angeles had a distinguished visitor this week in the person of President W. A. Day of the Equitable Life Insurance Society. Accompanied by his assistant, Mr. Henry L. Rosenfeld, Judge Day arrived in Los Angeles Sunday morning. He has been a national figure in the United States for many years. A member of the Illinois legislature from 1878 to 1882, he was later made mayor of Champaign. In 1885 he was appointed auditor of the treasury by President Cleveland, and in 1903 the office of assistant to the attorney general was created for him. He has been the government's special representative in many important affairs, such as the Panama Canal negotiations and Alaskan judiciary investigations. In 1905 he left the government service to become first vice president of

the Equitable, of which institution he was elected president on the death of Paul Morton. Sunday, Judge Day and Mr. Rosenfeld were escorted to Redlands and Riverside by George A. Rathbun, manager of the local agency of the Equitable. Tuesday, Mr. Rathbun honored them with a luncheon at the California club, his agency men being present as guests. Tuesday night, Judge Day took the Owl for San Francisco, where he will pass a few days. This is his first visit to the Pacific Coast.

Representative Practically Retires

Sylvester C. Smith, who in the last seven years has been representing the Bakersfield district in congress, arrived in Hollywood this week, accompanied by his family, and will remain there indefinitely. His health forbids his continuing in active politics, especially since his district has been gerrymandered by the state administration so as to make his renomination a difficult matter. Smith has proved himself one of the best men sent from California to the national capital, and he is reluctant to retire to private life, but must submit to the inevitable.

Germans Feel Aggrieved

Schuetzen Park has been deprived of its saloon license. The German population laid out this park many years ago and for a long time has maintained it as a resort. Lately, the section in which it lies was annexed by the city and now the park automatically loses its liquor rights, as the police commission has declined to concede the privilege. It is urged that the place has always been conducted in an orderly manner, and that the municipal authorities might have stretched a point and granted the permit.

New City Hall Site Likely

Tuesday of the coming week the voters are to determine among other civic issues whether there is to be a new municipal building erected on the site of the Temple Block—with both sides working at fever heat. Apparently, the E. T. Earl influence is not nearly so strong as heretofore, several of the shining lights of the Good Government coterie having seceded. Marshall Stimson is among those favoring the new site and is fighting hard for it. Lee C. Gates is another dissenter from Earl in this particular issue. The Spring street "guess" is that the site will be approved by a majority of the electorate at the polls.

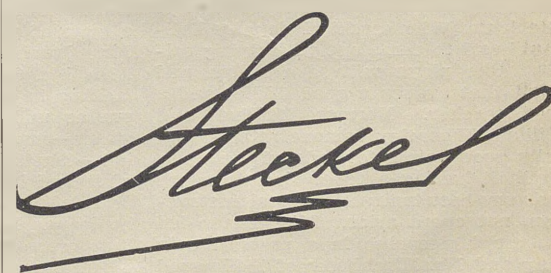
Looking for a Money Trust

Los Angeles is to be drafted by the house committee on banking for information as to the reported existence of a money trust. From the national capital comes word that the committee is to make a dragnet investigation this summer, visiting the important cities of the country and extending its calls as far west as the Pacific coast. The presidents of the principal national banks will be asked to give testimony when the committee reaches here early in September.

Big Brewer Proves His Faith

Adolphus Busch, who since he became a winter resident of Pasadena, has invested heavily in that city, has recently turned his attention to Santa Monica, where he has been acquiring valuable property. He is building a casino there that will be one of the sights of the coast, and as part of the equipment there is to be a series of sunken gardens almost as elaborate as those in Pasadena. Mr. Busch regards Southern California as the most favored spot on the globe, and his investments in and near Los Angeles represent more than a million dollars.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes.
Carbons, Platinotypes, Etchings
Unquestionable Artistic Endorsements



AWARDED EIGHTEEN MEDALS

Studio and Art Gallery, 336½ So. Broadway

Special Exhibition of Oils Now on View



By W. F. Gates

Robert Schumann once wrote of a new composer, "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius." One must say, after the music festival of the public schools, "Hats off" to the music teachers in the schools. I took mine off and made a low bow to Mrs. Parsons after she led the high school pupils through the "Hallelujah" chorus from the "Messiah," the other night at the Auditorium. And well I might, for there is not another chorus in Los Angeles which could sing that contrapuntal masterpiece so well as did these boys and girls of fifteen to seventeen—and without notes, too. There is a legend concerning one who went to scoff and remained to pray; I went to these concerts expecting to be moderately bored and remained to praise. The only tiresome thing was the fifty-minute cantata for girls' voices from the pen of the prolix Sir George Smart (born 1776), which well could have been blue-penciled one-third. But it had its mission, at least, in introducing two singers, among others, who, if they fell into the right sort of hands, will make interesting soloists, Faith Gup, soprano, and Thelma Robbins, mezzo-soprano. Not to overload them with praise, it must be said that their voices give unusual promise. The chorus had 175 voices; the boys' glee club had about sixty-five, and the massed chorus and orchestra Thursday night numbered more than five hundred. The lads sang Bruno Huhn's "Invictus" chorus about as well as the Ellis Club could, which, in polite language, is "going some." No one can quarrel with left-handed conducting—a novelty—if it gets such results. Miss Groves, of Manual Arts school, also had an orchestra or two on hand; but who was who and what was what? That was the weak spot on the program—it was too non-committal, too modest. It said, "an orchestra," yes, but from a school not mentioned and conducted by a leader not named. One had to clamber back on the stage every half hour to learn who was who and what was what. It is only just that the various schools and leaders should receive the small item of mention by name. After the results achieved by Mrs. Parsons and Miss Blythe with their orchestras, it was easy to see that Harley Hamilton has in prospect a run for his money. I have heard professional orchestras that were far behind the results achieved by these youngsters, the "Poly" high orchestra being especially virile and mature in its style, and the string quartet of the same school is beyond expectations. No need to fear for the future of the Ellis and the Lyric clubs and the Symphony orchestra, with such material as this in sight.

Bernardine Whalen proved a clever little violinist with technic enough to attack the Wieniawski "Polonaise Brilliant" and to come out with flying colors. She plays with a freedom and spirit that argues a good fiddler and a good teacher. Norman McPhail and William Wheatley demonstrated unusually good voices for lads of their age, McPhail having a tenor that is worth the very best instruction—real instruction, not opera arias. Miss Dixon led the girls' glee club in a pretty Nevin song and Mr. Kirchhofer of Hollywood schools got excellent results from the combined boys' clubs. Not having reached the stage of such serious music, the grammar schools' program, arranged by Misses Jones, Stone, Trus-

low and Stickel, delighted the thousands of admiring relatives Thursday and Tuesday.

There is more in all this than shows on the surface—more work and more permanent and far-reaching results. This training extends down the years through the child's whole life. The coming generations will feel its echoes after the "sine" and the "cosine" and the "polygon" and the "synecdoche" and the "spatulate" and the "endosperm" and the "pluperfect" and the "ablative absolute" and the Hyksos and Tiglathpileser and the remainder of the fact-rubbish has evaporated, leaving room for the actualities and necessities of life. Not only does the gain come in the knowledge of the most prevalent of arts, but there is a refining influence, an uplift which is not found elsewhere in the school curriculum, a mellowing touch on the whole after life. It is pleasant to be able to give this all too little praise to the public school music of Los Angeles. Too often—elsewhere, of course—does one hear strident cacophony seeping through the windows and doors of the public schools, at times villainous shrieks that the ignorant teachers denominate singing. In certain towns I have felt sympathy for the old woman who passed a school where the class was reciting the Greek alphabet in unison—"alpha, beta, gamma, delta." Taking to her heels, she ran until stopped by a query as to her flight, when she exclaimed, "At her, beat her, damn her, pelt her." Such results as shown in these concerts could not be achieved in Los Angeles even at the hands of these teachers, were it not for the sympathy and backing afforded by Superintendent Francis. Our condolences go out to cities which have neither the enlightened spirit toward the aesthetic side of life found in the management of the Los Angeles schools, nor yet the skill in musical instruction shown by the teachers.

Musical persons in Los Angeles will be interested in the following quotation from the Paris correspondent of Musical America: "The San Francisco opera fiasco has just had its happy conclusion in the return, this week, after innumerable hardships, of eight unfortunate members of the company whose mission it was to initiate the Pacific coast into grand opera. The Bohemians of Kansas City lodged and fed them from the first of March." This quotation gives a hint of the European idea of the musical status of the Pacific coast. Evidently thus: "Out there is a benighted people, knowing little of music and less of opera; let us send a company of our superfine Parisian artists to lift these barbarians from their aesthetic darkness. They have grapes, oranges, olives, yes, gold; now let us do the missionary act and give them a taste of our opera—for the gold." So Mr. Grazi and his company arrive. Also, Mr. Grazi's company is found so lacking in the essentials of grand opera as understood in these benighted states—saving a half dozen good soloists—that the public will have little of it and Mr. Grazi's bank account is depleted beyond the breaking point and he leaves his people to get home the best way they can. Why, in 1887, when Los Angeles had only about 30,000 or 40,000 population, it had a better opera season than the Grazi forces ever pretended to put on, with such novelties as "Lakme," "Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Nero," together with

"Lohengrin," "Aida," "Faust" and so on. And there was an orchestra that could PLAY as well as a leader who could conduct—Theodore Thomas. Nor was this the first grand opera. The newspapers of twenty years before that record occasional visits of good opera companies.

"Girl of the Golden West" is just reaching Paris, with Caruso, Ruffo and Carmen Melis in the leading roles. Evidently, what are well-known operas on the Pacific coast reach Paris about a year after they do the coast.

Charles F. Edson, vice president for Los Angeles county of the Music Teachers Association of California, has issued the prospective program of the state meeting here July 8-11. Los Angeles is represented on these programs by the following, to which list additions may be made: Tandler string quartet, Minnie Hance, Miss Pike, Frederick Stevenson, F. G. Ellis, Arthur Alexander, Misses Stone and Goodwin, Mrs. L. J. Selby, Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker, and the Organists' Guild. In fact the out-of-Los-Angeles representation on the program is rather slight, save for a half dozen musicians from San Francisco and Berkeley. The local committees are as follows: Finance, Messrs. Pemberton, Dupuy, Misses Martin and Fagge; Press, Misses O'Donoghue Goodsell, Peycke, Mmes. Tiffany, Conklin, Elliott, Mr. Edson; Hospitality, Misses Pike, Winston, Stone, Fagge, Mrs. Tiffany.

There is so much individualism in Southern California that it is hard to get the music teachers to see the benefit and enjoyment of co-operating in a music teachers' association. In that respect, they are much slower than their brethren in the east, where the associations are strong and it is considered a great honor to entertain the state association. In stirring up the local musicians to their duties and privileges in this regard, Vice-President Edson writes as follows: "There are 600 members now in the state association and only sixty of them from Southern California. We have 1000 teachers in music in this part of the state and you who do not belong by thus keeping aloof from the rest are hindering the very thing that you should desire most, namely, the unification of all the music forces of the state into one grand power for the betterment of musical conditions. It will cost you twenty-five cents a month the first year and sixteen and one-half cents a month after that. What you will gain is acquaintance with the best teachers of the state, a chance to compare notes with them, hear fine recitals of the things that are not often given on a popular program, and by having a large enough membership we can get big men from the east to come to us annually thus getting in touch with affairs that are now foreign to us. But over and above all this our reputation as hosts is at stake and it is not fair for you to allow a few to carry a burden that should be shared by all—as the benefits will be."

Namara Toye, formerly of Hollywood, sang on a song festival program at Patterson, N. J., recently. The Musical Courier says, "She created a flutter when she arrived before the footlights in Japanese costume to sing an aria from 'Mme. Butterfly.' The young soprano did full justice to the Puccini music and her fine voice secured an enthusiastic encore, for which she sang, to orchestral accompaniment, the lovely 'Voi che Sapete' from Mozart's 'Marriage of Figaro.' It is understood that Mrs. Toye will be heard in recital in Los Angeles in the course of a month.

Ellen Beach Yaw plans to pass the summer on her ranch near Covina and in the fall will make a world tour, for which she has engaged Franklin

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Cannon as pianist. The trip will include the itinerary in this country and thence across the Pacific. At the time of the death of her husband, Vere Goldthwaite, she was compelled to cancel a week of engagements, but has been busy on the road since then.

May 16, the Los Angeles Conservatory, under the direction of Mr. de Zielinski, gave a pupils' recital at the Walker auditorium; May 18 the director gave a lecture on the art of interpretation and tonight Gladys Sowers of the same school gives a piano recital.

In a recital at the Gamut Club last week, Dornice Morrison proved herself to have a fluent command of the resources of the piano. Her program was an ambitious one, including the following numbers: Sonata in E minor, opus 90 (Beethoven); "Chaconne" (Bach-Bussoni); "To the Sea" (MacDowell); "Reflection in the Water" (Debussy); "The Wind" (Alkan); "Dance of the Gnomes" (Liszt); "The Linden Tree" (Schubert-Liszt); "Concert Etude," F sharp, op. 36 (MacDowell). Miss Morrison has only 16 years to her credit and giving a program of the extent of this one at her age argues a possibility of still greater things when she reaches maturity. She has been well taught and with a continuation of the application she has already shown will add another to the good list of able young pianists in Los Angeles.

Louis C. Elson, the Boston literateur and critic, sends his acknowledgments to The Graphic for an incidental mention made of his labors in the field of musical literature, saying, "I want to thank you cordially for the kindly mention you gave my work in a recent number of The Graphic. It is such recognitions as these that make a fellow content to grow old." It is hard to think of Louis Elson as old, as many of his former pupils here will testify. His nature is one that will defy old age to show traces on its urbane surface and kindly heart.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.

Southwestern Painters—Blanchard Gallery.

California Art Club—Friday Morning Club.

Helen Chandler—Royer Gallery.

Monday of this week there opened at Royer Gallery an exhibition of paintings and monotypes by Helen Clark Chandler. If it is necessary at this time to introduce Miss Chandler to the local public, all that I need to do to put her in her proper position as an artist of worth and to guarantee the quality of her work is to say that for two years and up to a year ago Miss Chandler was assistant to Nellie Huntington Gere in the art department of the State Normal School. In the time that Miss Chandler was connected with this institution she showed several small collections of her studies in charcoal which won instant recognition from art lovers and critics and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that all this intelligent artist needed to place her in the class with our best workers was a chance to study out-of-door nature and paint in color. One may often hum a pleasing tune and not be able to sing a full-voiced song, yet at the same time the quality of tone that is heard promises that with training and practice the lips will one day voice a finer lay. So has it been with Miss Chandler. The sketches with which we are most familiar and which won our approbation in bygone days were in reality only the little tunes, the first exercises that the singer must learn before the song comes.

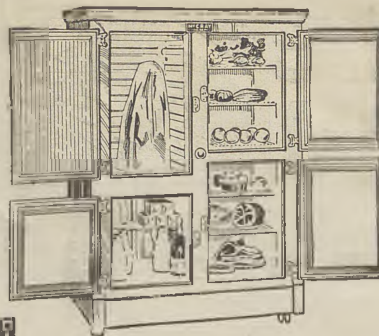
Miss Chandler's growth has been normal in every respect. She knew her limitations and did not at any time attempt a height to which she had not yet attained. Her opportunities for art study have been of the best. A resident of Oakland, her close proximity to the San Francisco galleries and art schools rendered it possible for her to secure the best academic training the west approved. She began her course of study at the Mark Hopkins Institute, later going to the Art Institute in Chicago. After that she studied for a time with Berge Harrison and with that master of composition, Arthur Dow, of New York. Then followed a sojourn in Paris and a rich experience in all that the French capital holds for the young painter in the way of study, criticism, and observation.

Miss Chandler's work as seen at the Royer Gallery is at once interesting, convincing, and full of fine technicalities. She seems to have absorbed all the best points her able instructors had to offer without losing any of her own individuality, at the same time the influence of a few of her noted masters is discernible in many of the more finished offerings. As a rule, the compositions are the chief charm of the pictures, after that, treatment and then color may be considered. Of the nineteen paintings, all except two are in water color, and I am forced to admit that the two oils are not to be compared in quality of tone or in handling of color to the direct simplicity which characterizes the group of watercolors. In these the artist shows originality of thought, purpose of mind, sincerity and poetic conception. All are broadly and freely painted and while flat washes of color are used to an excessive degree every detail is suggested in a manner both effective and dexterous. Elimination of non-

essentials is the keynote of Miss Chandler's art. In this particular many of her foregrounds strongly suggest those of Jules Guerin and even in the middle distance of the larger landscape studies I find a lingering similarity to this popular illustrator's best style. In color composition I feel a keen appreciation in the work of this artist for the color prints of the old masters of Japanese art and this I assure you is a fault that no critic could condemn.

If one expects to read deep hidden meanings in Miss Chandler's work or find subtle technicalities or vague neo-impressionistic suggestions in art, I fear that he will be disappointed in the showing, for at all times this young painter has led us over green fields, beside gentle brooks, along lonely shores, over low dunes and cypress-crowded hillocks, giving us simple, sincere, and wholesome interpretations of straightforward nature in a straightforward manner. "Carmel Beach" depicts low sand dunes, covered with soft grass and distant hills of lavender beyond. This canvas is notable for its well painted sky. In "Carmel River" we have an effect of pastel and water-color combined, yet no crayon color was used to obtain it. This study is simply handled and is good in color harmony and values. "Monterey Street," while possessing many good passages, seems to lack color contrast and the effect is weak. "Eucalyptus Trees" is decorative in composition and possesses a well painted foreground. "Pines in the Dunes" shows a fantastic arrangement of windblown trees on the summit of a dune. The pines are painted in a dexterous manner and are excellent in character. "Clouds on the Mountains" is chiefly notable for its fine sky and "Cypress Trees" is well composed. "Cloudy Day, Carmel" is an oil of pleasing quality and "Sand Dunes at Evening" possesses a shadowed foreground that is excellent in quality. "Point Lobes" is a very successful treatment of a big subject and proves Miss Chandler's ability to paint a large picture on a small canvas. "A Bit of the Coast" resembles a pastel and possesses all the soft lovely tints common to that delicate medium. "Arroyo" is lacking in accented notes, but in "Carmel-by-the Sea" we find much to admire. The distance is finely felt and the carpet of flowers in the foreground skilfully treated. "Hillside, Carmel Valley" is pleasing in line and color and "Lone Cypress" is one of the best studies in the exhibition. "In Arcadia" and "Wind-Blown Pines" are of interest and for decorative line and entrancing color "Sycamore Trees" cannot be excelled.

Twenty-nine colored monotypes are shown at this time and are of great art interest to all who care for the beauty of tone and the discrimination of line and mass set against plane value and aerial perspective. Many of these really exquisite color compositions call to mind Whistler's master genius to secure subtle suggestions of nature with a few deft strokes of the brush and washed in tones. A few of these colored monotypes remind me strongly of a Hokusai print both in line and in color. In studying this collection I found several tiny studies of sunset and afterglows that were so full of poetic charm and luminosity of color that it seemed almost impossible to believe that such an effect could



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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
March 15, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph Gioia, whose postoffice address is No. 801 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal., did on the 1st day of November, 1911, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 014153, to purchase the S $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 13 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$100.00, and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 4th day of June, 1912, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

be secured by a process. Let all who can visit this worthy showing for there is much to admire and little to criticize.

Report comes from London to the effect that H. C. Frick of New York has purchased from Lord Faversham, Rembrandt's portrait of "A Merchant." The price paid was \$250,000. The picture is considered one of Rembrandt's best pieces of work. The London Times says it is a three-quarter portrait of a man of 50 to 60 years old, dressed in a dark blue coat with a long white neckcloth with red at the ends and a brown hat bound with red. He is seated at a table near a window and is in the act of composing a letter which he holds. The evening sky is seen through the window and above his head is a Latin inscription. The artist's signature is on the right arm of the chair. The date is 1659. The painting is generally known as "The Dutch Merchant" and has been in Lord Faversham's family for about 160 years. The work is fully described in Dr. Bode's great monograph on Rembrandt under No. 461, where it is also reproduced. The likeness forms plate 447 in the Rembrandt volume of the "Klassiker der Kunst" series.

Prof. Henry Lovins has severed his connection with the College of Fine Arts, U. S. C., and has accepted a professorship at the Los Angeles School of Art and Design.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
010191 Not coal lands.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
April 29, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Jacob H. Richter, of Sawtelle, Cal., who, on April 14, 1910, made Homestead Entry, No. 010181, for S $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 11th day of June, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Henry Mundell, Nora H. Mundell, Charles M. Decker, Martha Decker, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 256.75 acres, within the Santa Barbara National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on July 15, 1912. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to July 15, 1912, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The N $\frac{1}{2}$ of N $\frac{1}{2}$ of Lot 3, the S $\frac{1}{2}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Lot 3, the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Lot 3, the W $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Lot 3, the E $\frac{1}{2}$ of E $\frac{1}{2}$ of Lot 4, the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Lot 4, the N $\frac{1}{2}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Lot 5, the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Lot 5, the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Lot 5, the E $\frac{1}{2}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Lot 5, the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Lot 5, Sec. 6, T. 4 N., R. 14 W., S. B. M., 64.25 acres, application of H. A. Haynes, of 2705 Dennison Villa, Los Angeles, California; List 5-893. The W $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 14, the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 15, T. 4 N., R. 13 W., 60 acres, application of Leonard R. Ruiz, of Acton, California; List 5-898. The S $\frac{1}{2}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$, the E $\frac{1}{2}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 17, T. 4 N., R. 17 W., 100 acres, application of Juan Espinoza, of Piru, California; List 5-918. The E $\frac{1}{2}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 25, T. 5 N., R. 14 W., 32.50 acres, application of Herman F. Melien, of Acton, California; List 5-919.

Approved April 23, 1912.
S. V. PROUDFIT,
Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

Social & Personal

Mr. Russell MacDonald Taylor of Berkeley Square left this morning for New York. He plans to be away about three weeks.

Miss Eileen Canfield of South Alvarado street, who accompanied her father, Mr. C. A. Canfield, to New York, returned Tuesday. Miss Canfield's sister, Mrs. Caspar Whitney of New York, who has been visiting here, is staying at Santa Barbara, and will probably pass the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McNaghten and Mr. Arthur Letts, Jr., of Holmby House, Hollywood, have left for New York, en route to a summer abroad. They plan to return about September. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Janss and their baby daughter will occupy Holmby House in the absence of the Letts.

Mrs. Samuel Haskins of Orchard avenue leaves tomorrow for a trip to the Yosemite. After her return the Haskins will go to one of the beach resorts for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Paul left last evening for the east. They will remain for a few days in Chicago, then go on to Montreal, from which point they will sail down the St. Lawrence, and on to Glasgow, Scotland. They will travel through Scotland and Ireland for two months before proceeding to London, then will go to Paris, Berlin, and other points of interest, devoting at least a year to travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kellogg announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Helen Louise Kellogg, to Mr. Reginald Rusk Harris. The ceremony took place Wednesday afternoon, May 22.

Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil of South Figueroa street gave an informal musicale Monday afternoon in compliment to Miss Florence Dillon, daughter of the late Judge Dillon. Miss Dillon only recently returned from Europe where she has been studying and singing for many years. At the time of her father's death she terminated an engagement with the Royal Opera at Naples in order to be with her mother. Mrs. Macneil is Los Angeles' most prominent patron of music and is the leading spirit of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra management. Her guests Monday afternoon were Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. J. S. Slauson, Mrs. J. O. Koepfli, Mrs. Adolphus Busch, Miss Victoria Witmer, Miss Myra Hershey, Mrs. George J. Birkel, Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Hamilton, Mrs. Hampton, Miss Susanne Lynch and Mrs. Arnold Burkleman.

Mrs. Maurice M. Armstrong of 1432 Malvern avenue gave a bridge luncheon Wednesday afternoon, to which about sixty guests were bidden. The decorations were of unusual beauty. The ceilings were arched with canopies of asparagus plumosos, and great bamboo baskets held clusters of wild mustard. Assisting Mrs. Armstrong were her mother, Mrs. R. W. Armstrong of Ocean Park, Mrs. A. G. Fruhling, and Mrs. Leroy K. Daniels.

Miss Maude Elizabeth Richards gave a charmingly appointed bridge luncheon Friday afternoon.

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. August Marquis of 2302 West Twenty-fifth street will entertain with a bridge luncheon for about seventy-five guests. Assisting her will be Mrs. M. Strelitz, Mrs. E. H. Greppin, Mrs. Matthew W. Everhardy, Mrs. Fred Beau de Zart, Mrs. A. H. Koebig, Sr., Mrs. Edward Zobel, Mrs. Ralph Hagan, Mrs. E. A.

Brent, Mrs. Wallcott, Miss Wallcott, Miss Alma Weisenbach, Miss Muriel McCray, Miss Doria Jones and Miss Greppin.

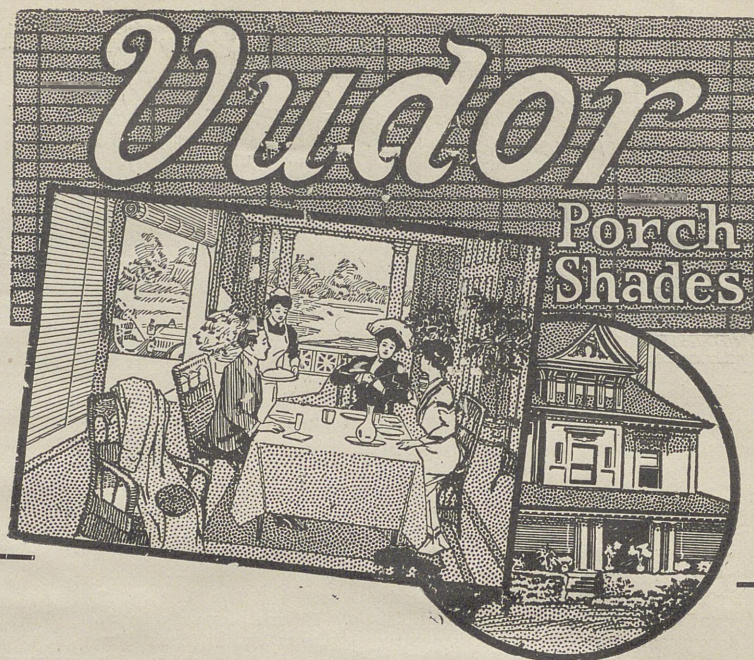
Mrs. A. K. Brauer of 2129 West Twenty-third street, entertained Friday afternoon with a daintily appointed luncheon, followed by bridge.

Wednesday afternoon at the sunset hour Miss Gertrude Adams, daughter of Mr. W. L. Adams of 1226 Lake street, became the bride of Mr. John Andrew Koontz of Palo Alto. Only relatives and intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by the Reverend George C. Butterfield. Miss Adams, who had no attendants, wore a white tailored suit and white hat, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. After a wedding trip through the North, Mr. and Mrs. Koontz will make their home at Palo Alto. Mr. Koontz is head of the electrical engineering department at Stanford University, of which college he is a graduate.

Mrs. W. D. Stephens is in New York for a brief stay, after which she will go to Wellesley, Mass., where her daughter, Miss Barbara will graduate June 11 from Dana Hall. Mr. Stephens will probably join them and after a visit through the East they will return to this city, and will reopen their home on West Twenty-seventh street.

Mrs. John D. Reavis and Mrs. Robert C. Gortner gave a bridge whist party Thursday afternoon at the Anandale Country Club, which was bright with mustard blossoms and California poppies. Those bidden to the affair were Meses. George W. Adams, Hull McGlaughry, J. W. Caton, Achille Burklin, S. W. Palmer, Walter Sebre, A. H. Van Cott, B. F. Hobart, Otis B. Manchester, Samuel Burke, George B. Werden, G. R. Mimmich, George Stainbeck, Marian Tompkins, T. W. Bishop, J. P. Whitmore, William H. Hudson, Harry McMeans, Arthur Hyman, J. H. Copeland, Ira W. Smith, Edward Taylor, Eliza White, Cigas, Harry Gifford, William Axtman, Walter Gillette, Frank Silsbee, C. B. Boothe, C. N. Sterry, N. C. Sterry, Estelle Heartt Dreyfuss, W. H. Harrison, Frank Karr, John Kahn, C. F. Edson, Lukens, D. M. Riordan, George Pennimann, N. W. Buddecke, Willis H. Booth, W. W. McLeod, Clarence Berry, Fred Hudson, George H. Rector, Thomas Wright, G. A. Ralphs, A. T. Jergins, C. B. Eyer, B. F. Blinn, I. S. Chapman, W. A. Morehouse, S. L. Grover, Albert E. Edwards, Gifford, S. Hanna, Florence Rothenberg, W. A. Bradshaw, N. F. Marsh, Jessie C. Shoebottom, R. S. Hardy, L. C. Luckel, Frank Stephens, Frank A. Cattern, Arthur Levitt, George C. Bush, L. O. Wilcoxson, David Vail, Clarendon A. Foster, W. J. Nelson, W. W. Huntington, B. F. Huntington, Leo Longley, W. D. Newerf, Carl Newerf, E. E. Barden, F. M. Updyke, H. M. Coulter, Albert Gates, Don Gates, Charles Gates, A. B. Cass, C. H. Woodruff, C. W. Fisher, J. W. Monahan, C. F. McStay, Mary Stringfellow, G. F. Patterson, F. E. Warner, W. A. Cochran, M. G. Ritchie, E. L. Palmer, Robert Martin, William Wilson, Arthur Forbes, and the Meses Florence Gifford, Nora Sterry, Ruth Sterry, Jessie Flint, Elizabeth Riordan, Geoffrey Hall, Sada Barney, Mayme Stephenson, and Alice Lohr.

Mrs. Louise Lines and Miss Jean Lines of 404 Occidental boulevard entertained Thursday afternoon with a reception for which one hundred and fifty invitations were issued. The living room, dining room and sun parlor were bright with red carnations and



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sweet pease, combined with huckleberry vines and asparagus ferns. In the music room pink sweet pease and ferns were used and the den, where punch was served, was aglow with California poppies. Assisting the hostesses in receiving were Mrs. Sterling Lines, Mrs. W. W. Richardson, Mrs. Franc Nixon Coffin, Mrs. George Englehart, Mrs. Russell Agee, Mrs. Winter Schripps, and Mrs. Edward Yomans. Miss Lines' assistants in the dining room were Mrs. Frederick H. Rindge, Jr., Miss Gladys Moore, Miss Sara Hanawalt and Mrs. Frank Kidder, and Miss Caroline Hewson served punch in the den.

Mrs. Fred A. Hines and Miss Marjorie Hines of West Eleventh street will leave this morning for the east, where they will remain all summer, returning to this city about October.

In honor of Miss Elizabeth Richards and Miss Maude Wood, bride-elects, and also in compliment to her sister, Mrs. L. H. McGowan who is here from Denver, Mrs. Stanley Setnan of 1120 Grand View avenue entertained Wednesday afternoon with a luncheon. Spring blossoms were utilized in the decorations, and hand-painted cards marked places for Mrs. E. Z. Bower, Mrs. Ralph Byron, Mrs. George Ellis, Mrs. Francis Kanne, Mrs. Ivan People, Mrs. Gardiner, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Harry Hillyear, Mrs. Waterman, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. A. H. Koebig, Jr., Miss Bertha Lull, Miss Francis Richards, Miss Vera Atkinson, Mrs. Grace Barker, Miss Florence Bartlett, Miss Irene Benson, Miss Mayme Cliff, Miss Sara Hanawalt, Miss Ruth Elliott, Miss Arline Tottenham, Miss Beatrice Cutter, Miss Anne Pease, Miss Jessie Pease, Miss Helen Thresher, Miss Lily Olshausen, Miss Louise Hauser, Miss Marie Schumann, Miss Clara Scott, Miss Mildred Powers, Miss Helen Updegraff, Miss Florence Thresher and Miss Ethelyn Walker.

Mrs. Oscar M. Bryn of South Hope street will soon leave for San Fran-

Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,

March 16, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Dorothy Roche, whose post-office address is 1017 W. Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 12th day of January, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 014591, to purchase the Sec. 34, SE 1/4 Sec. 15; S 1/2 SW 1/4 Sec. 14; NE 1/4 NW 1/4 Section 23, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$320.00 and the land \$80.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of May, 1912, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

cisco for a short visit, after which she will be joined by Mr. Bryn for a summer at Lake Tahoe.

In honor of Miss Polly Chandler a progressive luncheon was served Tuesday by girl friends. Mrs. Harry Millar of Dalton avenue served the first course, next came Miss Edythe Spence of West Tenth street, and Mrs. J. A. Hoblet of the Seminole apartments served the last courses, after which bridge was played. Later in the afternoon Mrs. George W. Harding took the guests to Hotel Alexandria for tea.

Mrs. William M. Conklin of 254 East Forty-eighth street entertained Monday evening in honor of her mother, Mrs. M. H. Lindsay. The table was decked with white carnations and ferns, and covers were laid for eight.

Mrs. Lester Robinson of Beacon street will entertain June 6 with a bridge luncheon.

After a motoring tour through the South, Dr. and Mrs. Henderson Hayward have returned to their home on Wilshire boulevard, bringing with them Mr. and Mrs. John Blackmar of San Diego.

Mrs. Frank Jay will entertain Friday with a bridge luncheon at her home on West Eighteenth street.

Miss Fern Birbeck of Venice is giving an all-day party today in honor of Miss Polly Chandler, whose engagement to Mr. Jack Rodman of this city was recently announced. The affair is to be in the nature of a kitchen shower for the bride elect, and the guests will be attired in kitchen dresses, and will prepare their own luncheon. Red hearts and draped tulle form the decorations, and the guests are Mes. J. A. Hoblet, John L. Richardson, Guy Whitaker, Harry Washburn and the Misses Titania Belcher, Julie Wise, Adele Johnson, Lena Burke, Aida Castellano, Adele Tower, Miriam Huen, Agnes Fitzmonds, Helen Fitzmonds, and Edythe Spencer.

Mrs. A. W. Rhodes and Miss May Rhodes, who since their return from the Orient have been staying at the Hershey Arms, have opened their house at 930 Park View avenue, where they are at home to their friends.

Mrs. Alfred Sutro of San Francisco, who has been visiting with Mrs. Randolph Miner of West Adams street and Mrs. Alfred Solano of South Figueroa street, has returned to her northern home. Mr. Sutro passed a few days in Los Angeles and accompanied Mrs. Sutro to San Francisco.

Mrs. S. Grant Goucher has as house guests Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Smith of San Francisco.

Mrs. N. F. Saphorn of Manhattan place is entertaining Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Perkins and Mr. Frederick Perkins, Jr.

Mrs. Benjamin Lombard Harding and her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Woolwine, will entertain Tuesday afternoon with a musicale at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where Mr. and Mrs. Harding have taken apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Phillips of Berkeley Square have returned after a four weeks' trip through the middle west.

Mrs. Ralph Hagan of Lake street entertained her bridge club with a luncheon at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, Thursday afternoon. Spring flowers decked the tables at which covers were laid for Mrs. J. C. Brown, Mrs. E. J. Brent, Mrs. F. A. Bowles, Mrs. W. H. Faust, Mrs. Charles Grosse, Mrs. Fred Gollum, Mrs. F. A. Jay, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. W. O. Morton, Mrs. August Marquis, Mrs. Albert Mortenson, Mrs. William Palmer, Mrs. George Rector, Mrs. A. J. Shier, and Mrs. Joseph Zemansky.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Shettler of 3100 Wilshire boulevard have been enjoying a motor trip to Bakersfield.

Mrs. Erasmus Wilson of Chester Place gave a pretty tea Tuesday afternoon in compliment to Princess Lazarovich. The reception rooms were fra-

grant with roses, and harp music was rendered throughout the afternoon. A feature of the occasion was that the seventy-five guests bidden to the affair came in full evening dress. A bevy of charming society buds assisted Mrs. Wilson, including Miss Mildred Burnett, Miss Bessie Chapin, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Florence Wood, Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Juliet Borden, Miss Louise Hill, and Miss Pauline Howard. The Misses Wood have just returned from an extended tour of the world. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Wilson entertained at dinner, the centerpiece and decorations being of roses. Covers were laid for Prince and Princess Lazarovich, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Hollingsworth, General and Mrs. Robert Wankowski and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story.

Society will welcome the return of the Misses Constance and Marjory Ramsey, daughters of Mrs. William Ramsey, who have been abroad for several months, and will reach Los Angeles the coming week. They will have as guest for the summer months Miss Elaine Pujol of Louisiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Myer Siegel of 1041 Magnolia avenue received Wednesday afternoon in honor of their daughter, Miss Marion Siegel.

Mrs. J. W. Trueworthy of Garland avenue is enjoying a respite from social duties at Arrowhead Hotel, where she plans to pass several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Moore Grigg entertained at the Annandale Country Club Saturday with a dinner in honor of the graduating class of Cumnook School. Yellow iris were used in the decorations, carrying out the class color. After dinner a dance was enjoyed, to which the men friends of the graduates were bidden. Those who enjoyed the dinner were Mrs. Franklyn McCluskey, Mrs. Tupper Maynard, and the Misses Eula D. Beans, Bertha L. Babcock, Iva B. Duer, Dora A. Haller, Agnes E. Hedenburg, Margaret St. Clair, Blanche Wadleigh, Willamene Wilkes, Mary Anderson, Alberta Bradley, Venus Irene Cake, Mary Luella Cannan, Sara Clingan, Helen Cross, Ruth Dowling, Marian McIntyre, Grace Petermichael, Marie Sloan, Lois Thompson, Dorothy Trench, Zillah Withrow, Rosalie Budington, Kathryn Chambers, Mae Corlett, Kathleen Hampton, Madeline Harris, Maude Howell, Goldsmith Kittle, Cecelia Kocher, Ruth Price, Winifred Roberts, Gladys Wilhelm and Edna E. Green.

Mrs. Carl Leonardt and Miss Clara Leonardt are in New York, and will leave Tuesday for Europe, where they will be joined by Mr. Leonardt.

Mrs. R. W. Kinney of West Washington street will entertain Friday afternoon with a garden party for her niece, Miss Belle Hutchinson, who has chosen June 5 as the date of her marriage to Mr. Walter Koll.

Miss Beatrice Cutter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Cutter of West Twentieth street, will become the bride of Mr. William C. Keim, Wednesday, June 5, the attendants being Miss Elizabeth Bard and Mr. T. Beverly Keim.

Miss Marguerite Drake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake of South Hoover street, will return next week from the North, where she has been visiting for several weeks.

President and Mrs. George Finley Bovard of the University of Southern California will hold their annual reception for the senior class at the Ebell Club House, Friday evening, June 7.

Mrs. H. G. Heisler of Vermont avenue entertained this week with a bridge party in compliment to Mrs. Jonas Wood of San Bernardino. Pink and white roses were used in the library and living room, and in the dining room red carnations were arranged in tall vases. Those present included Mrs. John Gibson, Jr., Mrs. G. A. Broughton, Mrs. Phillip Greppin, Mrs. M. M. Armstrong, Mrs. E. E. Foster, Mrs. W. S. Butler, Mrs. H. A.



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Hansen, Mrs. Thomas Black, Mrs. A. K. Brauer, Mrs. C. O. Butler, Mrs. Benjamin Turner, Mrs. Cochran, Mrs. Jessie Carr, and the Misses Rose Boyd, Pauline Davis and Hazel Cochran.

Mrs. Charles Sweeney of New York is the house guest of his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sweeney of New Hampshire street. At the conclusion of his visit, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sweeney will go north, and plan to stay at Lake Tahoe for the summer.

Tuesday afternoon Miss Flora Cronmiller entertained with a luncheon at the Los Angeles Country Club in compliment to Miss Margaret Jackson, who is visiting here from the north. A graceful basket brimming with Cecil Brunner roses and maidenhair ferns was used as a centerpiece and corsage bouquets of the same flowers marked places for Miss Ruth Locke, Miss Rachael Fischer, Miss Mabel Hasson, Miss Court Bigler, Miss Ollie Paulin, Mrs. Ralph Byron, Mrs. John McCarthy, Mrs. Daniel Jackson, and Mrs. W. F. Cronmiller.

At Mt. Washington Hotel
Juniors of the University of Southern California entertained the senior class at a banquet Thursday evening at Hotel Mt. Washington. The class colors, red and gold, were effectively used in the table decorations.

Thursday afternoon Mrs. C. F. A. Last entertained with a bridge luncheon at the Mt. Washington Hotel. Covers were laid for twenty-seven at a table bright with pink sweet peas.

Mrs. J. D. Long and Mrs. D. G. Holbrook of Hartford, Conn., are registered at Hotel Mt. Washington.

Mrs. L. M. Porters of New York and Mrs. Benjamin Goodrich of this city, were recent guests at Hotel Mt. Washington, as were Mrs. Strohn, Mrs. Macauley and Mrs. M. Eshman.

Mrs. R. B. Williamson entertained Thursday with a bridge luncheon for twenty-two at the Mt. Washington Hotel, the decorations being great masses of wild flowers.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
03736 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 20, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that John D. Heron, of Topanga, Cal., who, on December 2, 1905, made Homestead Entry No. 10950, Ser. No. 03736, for SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 11, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 1st day of July, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m. Claimant names as witnesses: James A. Craig, Frederick H. Post, John L. Wood, William P. Gibbon, all of Topanga, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Marjorie Rambeau returns to the Majestic this week in a play by a San Francisco writer, Herbert Bashford, entitled "The Woman He Married." Miss Rambeau is not fortunate in her selection of a vehicle. The play has an old theme that is not worked out in a new manner; its character work is sketchy, illy-developed; its few good arguments are lost in a padding of empty words. It is the story of Jeanne Harding, ex-model and music hall singer, married to Jack Harding, scion of a wealthy family, whose father disowns him because of his marriage. In order to give Jack time to write a play, Jeanne supports him by secretly posing for an artist friend—telling her husband that a wealthy widow of their mutual

makes the part of Jack a roaring farce. He does not know his lines—for instance, Sunday night, on two occasions he explained to his colleagues that his play dealt with the "what-you-may-call it of the men to the—er—what-you-may-call it." It seems evident that Mr. Roger has taken up the wrong profession in choosing to follow Thespis. George Osbourne struggles bravely with an impossible role, and in spite of being woefully miscast to play a mature and successful artist, Max Waizman does nobly, unsuited though he is to any requirement of the role. The remainder of the company is exceedingly mediocre.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Toots Paka and her Hawaiians are



MAX DILL, WHO COMES TO THE MAJESTIC JUNE 9

acquaintance is advancing the funds. Of course, it is all uncovered, and Jack denounces his wife, only to realize her true worth and finally beg her forgiveness. Mr. Bashford's big scene, in which Jeanne loosens her wrath on Jack for his accusations, is couched in cheap language—in fact Jeanne more nearly resembles a fishwife who has lost her temper than a gentle woman aroused to defense of her honor. This same note of cheapness is discernible through much of the dialogue. Miss Rambeau does brilliant work spasmodically, although her tendency to give false values to trifles detracts from the effect of the big moments. On more than one occasion, however, one suspects Miss Rambeau is interpolating her own lines in place of the author's—not always with good result. Her leading man, Wilfred Roger,

the favorites on the Orpheum bill this week. The curtain goes up on a tropical scene which reveals Toots reclining in a weird hammock, garbed in a garment resembling a night dress. In the foreground three Hawaiians in modern attire dispense sweet strains on guitars and native instruments. The ever-popular Aloha calls forth resounding applause, which does not approach in volume the approbation showered on a treacly Harris ballad, "Take Me in Your Arms Again." Even rag-time is transformed into plaintive melody on the instruments of the performers, who are exceedingly good-natured in their response to insistent encores. Toots wriggles a dance in which the chief claim to merit is her wrist and arm movement. The remainder is neither Oriental nor poetic. A good sketch gone wrong is "Fear." The

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actress,

Lillian Burkhart

In the chief
feminine
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a capable and experienced actor who idea is there, but it congeals before the sketch has progressed five minutes, which is a pity. It would make a better short story than a playlet. It is underacted and overacted by the company, with the exception of The Cracksman of Ralph W. Bell. Edward Blondell revels in low comedy and his audience laughs with and at him. So long as he is funmaking, he is excellent in his way, but his attempts at near-poetry are woeful. Johnny Ford is not a comedian, as we understand the word. His patter is tiresome and his singing wearisome, but his dancing, of which there is too scanty a portion, makes up for his bad beginning. Wormwood's animal performers, Blanche Walsh's noisy "Thunder Gods," Gertrude Van Dyck and the excellent Mankichi company complete the bill.

Offerings for Next Week

"Peg O' My Heart," a new comedy by J. Hartley Manners, will have its first production on any stage at the Burbank Sunday afternoon. The part of Peg will be in the hands of Laurette Taylor while the chief male role will be enacted by Henry Stanford,

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will play the same part when Miss Taylor stars in the production in the fall. An elaborate stage picture has been provided for the new play. Mr. Manners calls it "a comedy of youth." The central figure is Peg, a little, mischievous, whole-souled girl, brought up in poverty in New York. Suddenly, she is transported from the big city to a quiet old English home in the heart of the country. The people who surround her speak a different language, have a different outlook; everything seems cramped and narrow and shallow to Peg, who knows only how to speak straight from her heart.

Threading through the comedy is the romance of Peg and Jerry, the latter the heroic young figure of the piece. "Peg O' My Heart" attempts no problem, but is rather an exposition of character.

One of the most remarkable successes of the year is John Steven McGroarty's "Mission Play," now opening its fifth week at San Gabriel. Although the opening patronage was good, the attendance has steadily increased, and this week's receipts have been larger than ever before. The Mission theater, especially erected for the presentation, is easy of access by electric cars, train or motor. The feature of the present production is the replacement of Mr. McGroarty's original third act, with Lillian Burkhardt-Goldsmith creating the role of Senora Josefa Yorba. The daily matinees are attracting large crowds of Eastern people. The large cast remains the same, and the Indian and Spanish dancers are still features in the pageant scene.

"The Virginian," with Lewis S. Stone in the title role, is such a great success at the Belasco, that the play will

Boley will be Goldie, the heiress in love with Johnny, a totally different part from any she has essayed here; one wherein she may look herself, and not be disguised by eccentric makeup. Reece Gardner will play Johnny; Jane Urban will be Florabelle Fly, the newspaper girl; Laura Oakley will be Mrs. Kenworth, the aunt; Vanity will be the cabin boy, and Florence Vogelmann will play Bessie. Bob Lett has the best of the masculine roles in "The Unknown;" Madison Smith will be Anstey, the gambler, and the other parts will be capably filled. The chorus has been rehearsing "Johnny" for several weeks. The scenic environment will provide several excellent stage pictures.

Lester, the ventriloquist, is touring the Orpheum circuit again, after so long an absence that he seems a new attraction. He is now an Orpheum toplineer, after winning international laurels abroad. It is said that his patter is of the wittiest and that he eats, drinks and smokes while making the dummy talk. Aida Overton Walker, recalled as the prima donna of the well known Williams & Walker



ROSINA CASSELLI, AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

be continued for a third week, beginning with the performance Monday night. "The Virginian" offers to Mr. Stone, Mr. Mestayer and others of the Belasco company better opportunities than ordinarily come to stock players. It is essentially a man's play, and the Belasco is fortunate in the possession of a number of splendid character actors who contribute well drawn sketches of sturdy men of the west. Two weeks of crowded houses have greeted Stone in the play, and it seems that it is in for an extended run. Witter Bynner's new play, "His Father's House," which is to have its first presentation on any stage at the Belasco just as soon as the public is through with "The Virginian," is rehearsing under the personal direction of the author. The piece gives every promise of being a strong drama, with good comedy and a big scene that is the dominant situation.

"Little Johnny Jones," the best, brightest and biggest show of George M. Cohan's, will open the Cohan season at Fischer's Lyceum the week beginning Sunday matinee, May 26. It has been several years since this show was offered here. The Fischers will give it a sumptuous production. May

troupe, comes to the Orpheum with a musical act in which she has ten dusky aides. The act is laid in Porto Rico, and its music is said to be of the best "raggy" type. Rosina Caselli will offer a novel dog act in which she uses the tiny Chihuahua Mexican canines. The Harvey DeVora trio, well remembered here, returns with John Dough, the negro dwarf, as its principal comedian. Miss DeVora is the vocal star and Mr. Harvey is a clever dancer. Toots Paka and her Hawaiians, Edward Blondell and his Lost Boy, "Fear," the one act drama, and Johnny Ford are held over, and there will be new orchestral numbers and motion views.

Until the coming of Kolb and Dill, June 9, the Majestic theater will be dark. Kolb and Dill will open in their recent musical comedy success, "The Girl in the Train," which San Francisco critics acclaim as their most notable offering. The sale of seats for the Kolb and Dill engagement opens Thursday, June 6.

Helen Ware comes to the Mason Opera House the week of June 3 in George W. Broadhurst's highly successful drama, "The Price." When this

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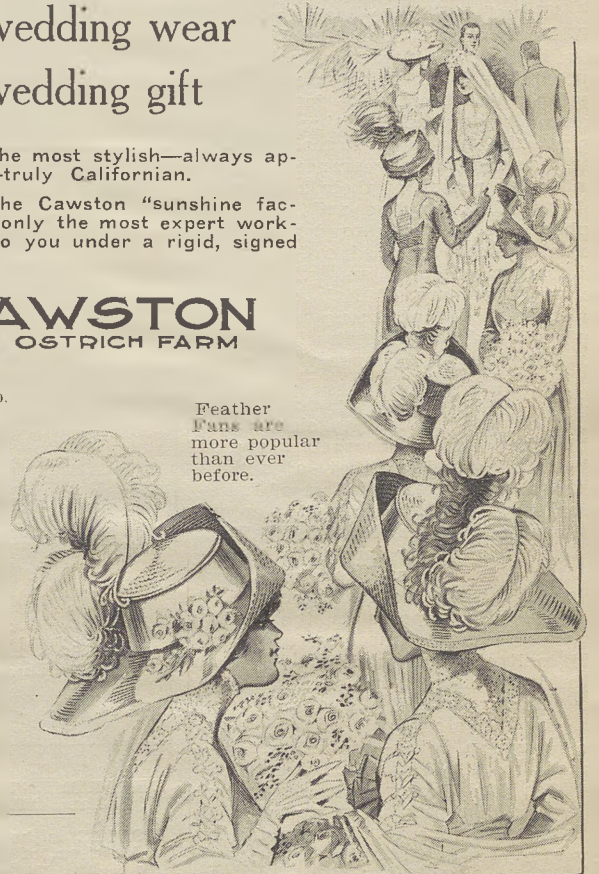
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BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, MAY 26, 1912.

Laurette Taylor and the Burbank company will offer for the first time anywhere. J. Hartley Manners' new comedy, which will be given at the Maxine Elliott Theater, New York, next September.

"PEG 'O MY HEART"

With Miss Taylor in the role of Peg, in which she will star next fall. First appearance of Henry Stanford in the role of Jerry, which he will play in the Metropolitan production.

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play was given its premiere at the Belasco theater, it aroused wide discussion. It is a treatment of the pen-lapse from convention and which the world condones in a man. This will be Miss Ware's first engagement in this city since her promotion to sardom. In the cast will be George W. Barnum, who will be gladly welcomed.

"Fran," a Flighty Protestant

Without doubt, John Breckenridge Ellis had good intentions when he wrote "Fran," but he does not know how to voice them. He intended to utter a strong and biting protest against the husks of formal religion that, wearing the appearance of spirituality, by reason of their hollowness and unreality, confuse and repel the doubter; he intended to demonstrate the false methods of education which fail to connect books and school with the real business of living; he intended to show that among the unconventional and socially ostracised there is much of good and among the saintly, considerable of the sinner; that goodness may become the most abominable bigotry and religion cloak damnable sin. But his characters are so stilted and artificial that a serious message has more the effect of ludicrousness; and as an attempt at entertainment the tale is a dismal failure. One must be clever indeed to be entertaining nowadays. Fran is a show girl, about whose past is a shroud of mystery, who appears in the "holy" atmosphere of a churchman's household to live and to confront its head with the results of his youthful sins and "indiscretions." No one at any time in the story acts in the least like a human being—the nearest approach to lifelike action being the scene in Mr. Gregory's library when he makes his passionate appeal and confession of love to his sympathetic secretary. It sends a brief throb of interest (a little wicked, perhaps), through the reader when she responds like a real woman. But this is an illusion. Fran appears without delay and throws a magic spell over both, and they immediately become wooden. Sinners—even church members—have well-thought explanations for their errandies, and well-defined plans of action. Neither Grace nor Gregory appears intelligent enough to make calculation for seeming moral self-preservation in the eyes of the community. Fran is silly, unreasonable and altogether unlovely; Grace, the secretary, has one or two lapses into almost human moments, but not often or long enough to save the story. Gregory is a pusillanimous idiot. So much good advertising makes the disappointment in the book keen. ("Fran." By John Breckenridge Ellis. Bobbs-Merrill Co.) P. R.

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 67.50 acres, within the Angeles National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on July 15, 1912. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to July 15, 1912, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 33, T. 3 N., R. 14 W., S. B. M., 52.50 acres, application of Pedro Lugo, R. F. D. No. 2, Los Angeles, California; List 5-955. The SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, the E $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 33, T. 2 N., R. 12 W., 15 acres, application of Arthur F. Ahlstrom, R. D. No. 2, Pasadena, California; List 5-990. Approved April 23, 1912.

S. V. PROUDFIT,
Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

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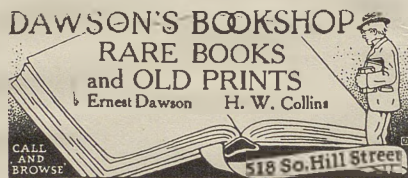
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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

NOTICE is hereby given that George W. Morrison, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on May 8, 1096, made Homestead Entry No. 11104, Serial, No. 03814, for NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 24, Township 1 N., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five years Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 15th day of May, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Reuber Holman, Thomas Velarde and Posey Horton, all of Calabasas, Cal.; Frank M. Allender, of Los Angeles, Cal.

April 3, 1912.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 311.69 acres, within the Santa Barbara National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on July 15, 1912. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to July 15, 1912, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The N $\frac{1}{2}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$, the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$, the E $\frac{1}{2}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$, the S $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$, the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 27, the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 28, T. 5 N., R. 14 W., S. B. M., except a strip 15 feet wide off the north side thereof, the net area being 148.87 acres, application of Robert E. McChesney, R.F.D. No. 10, Box 158 A, Los Angeles, California; List 5-1012. The W $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 25, the N $\frac{1}{2}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 26, T. 5 N., R. 13 W., except a strip 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide off the north side thereof, net area 158.50 acres. John G. Warfield, of 2712 Kenwood Ave., Los Angeles, California, applied for the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 26, and W $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 25 on June 23, 1903, and Jasper L. Morey, of 6112 Aldama St., Los Angeles, California, applied for the entire area on September 11, 1911; List 5-1014. The N $\frac{1}{2}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Lot 5, Sec. 6, T. 3 N., R. 15 W., 4.32 acres, application of Walter Park, of Newhall, California; List 5-1017. Approved April 23, 1912.

S. V. PROUDFIT,
Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

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S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

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J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
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Surplus and Profits, \$800,000.

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H. S. McKEE, Cashier.
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Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000

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IN LOS ANGELES
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H. J. STAVE, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.
Surplus, \$25,000.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$60,000.

Books

It will be remembered that Joseph of old, a "goodly person and well favored," successfully resisted the amorous charms of Potiphar's wife, because the grace of God was in him and because Potiphar, his master, had entrusted all his possessions into Joseph's hands, and Joseph had a proper respect for that trust. Frank Danby's characterization of Dennis Passiful is of a modern "Joseph in Jeopardy," who is tempted by the wiles of a beautiful and intelligent woman, but is saved ultimately by his sense of what is just and honorable. At an early age Dennis having married Mabel Juxton, a plain woman of small accomplishment and narrow mental horizon, but incapable of thought of infidelity, finds her companionship rather a bore. Then, too, the wonderful advantages of "Juxton's Limited" play havoc in the Hamilton Terrace household in depriving Mabel of a display of her one and only great talent—housekeeping.

Breakfast, lunch, and dinner, tea, tiffin, and supper, hot and strong and frequent, as many editions, in fact, per day as one liked to pay for, are delivered at the front door with the punctuality of the post. The viands, varied and appetizing, arrive in the well-known Juxton brown ware. Personal tastes are consulted. Some, as it were, are supplied with the gastronomic equivalent of "The Times," substantial and expensive, with dessert extra, like the Book Club. Others content themselves with "Daily Mail" or "Express" meals, spicy, but only sufficient for the appetite, without garnish, or "literary leader writing" as Amos Juxton's circulars put it.

"Poor old Mabel." Every one speaks of her thus. As a young man, Roddy Ainsworth, who owed his success to her unselfishness and encouragement, "had behaved like a cad to poor Mabel; her father (who was the famous founder of "Juxton's Limited") had always been absorbed in business, and Ted (her brother), taken up with Fanny. Mabel had never had a good time. . . . Mabel had plaintive eyes, but otherwise her features were indistinctive. She managed to look dowdy even in new clothes." Dennis was filled with pity for "poor old Mabel;" his intentions were admirable. He would supply the great void. But no wonder after six years with such a woman and under such a stupid cut-and-dried regime as "Juxton's" Dennis, who would have attracted any woman's eye by his grace and remarkable good looks and who as an art collector and dealer had cultivated his mind and finer sensibilities, was swept off his feet by the beauty and sparkling wit of Lady Oiana Wayne. No wonder Dennis seriously considered Margaret Lemon's flippant sentiment that "at the best a married man is a prisoner on honor, or parole as it were. . . . A life sentence."

His view of his duty to Mabel and Mabel's father, who with his wealth had set him on a high pinnacle of worldly success, is so finely drawn as to seem more a feminine ideal than a masculine pronouncement of principle. Dennis did not almost break his marriage vows without knowing instinctively what he was about long before his defense of Mabel's honor and good name, and his renunciation of Lady Diana. The character in this is not quite consistent. However, his impatience and sudden cooling of feeling toward Lady Diana when he is through with the "adventure" is so truly masculine as to lessen the effect of an excess of principle. As a matter of fact, Dennis was frightened of results, not struck with the baseness of his part in the affair. Although the

details of that early temptation in Pharaoh's land are not spread out for the curious it would appear that this modern Joseph was not so strong as his Hebrew brother—he dallied with danger, rather enjoyed being "in jeopardy" so long as it was not impossible to withdraw without a scratch. That Dennis should fall in love with his wife after all this passionate fervor bestowed so lavishly upon another woman is unbelievable when comparison is made of the two; but this accords with the English idea of marriage quite in contrast to the impulsive American way. Cosmo Merritt and Lord Haverford could afford to engage in intrigues—they were gentlemen born, and family covers a multitude of sins in old England. Ted Juxton only serves to bring out the beauty of Mabel's unselfishness and to make the baseness of Fanny, his cruel wife, the blacker. Fanny is no ordinarily bad woman—she is a devil incarnate.

Evidently Mrs Frankau has no patience with "female suffrage" or any effort to lighten a woman's household duties. "Juxton's Limited" and "female suffrage leagues" are accused of endeavoring to enter into a woman's kingdom to prevent her enjoying the joys of motherhood or the comforts of sewing, cooking, keeping house and making "mulberry preserves," like Agatha and Ursula. Without "Juxton's" the scenes in the story would seem quite natural, like peeps into English home life, so strongly tinged in every page with English views and style of expression; and the affair at "Boxhill, at the inn with the Meridian traditions," serves momentarily to recall pleasant literary memories. ("Joseph in Jeopardy." By Frank Danby. The Macmillan Co.) P. R.

"The Lone Adventure"

Lost causes are a favorite theme for the novel of adventure, and it could not be expected of Mr. Sutcliffe that he would give us anything startling in "The Lone Adventure." Allowing, however, for the hallowed antiquity of his central theme—the misadventures of Bonnie Prince Charlie—it cannot be said that the story comes up to the high standard of Mr. Sutcliffe's previous work. The difficulty that presents itself to the writer of a historical novel is, of course, that it is all too apt to read like history devoid of the reality that alone lends it interest. Mr. Sutcliffe has not evaded this difficulty and the later half of the novel is a rather uninteresting catalogue of events which are apparently recounted to fill out the historical sequence of the tale and not because they have anything to do with the plot. Indeed, it cannot be said that there is a plot, though one is promised in the opening chapters. The villain, however, dies early and with the expression of noble sentiments or his lips, just when he should be hatching out something engagingly villainous, and the hero continues performing heroic deeds "off," as the stage phrase goes, secure in the knowledge that his beloved and his mother are living comfortably, but uninterestingly in Edinburgh town, waiting for a convenient opportunity to join their exiled friends and relations.

Of course, the events immediately preceding Culloden do not allow of much tampering with, but really Mr. Sutcliffe might have imported a thrill or two without trespassing on the verities. There is the Bonnie Prince himself who might have been temporarily

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September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12.

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compromised with either the heroine or Lady Royd, to say nothing of the villain who certainly should have tried to kidnap Nance Demayne and carried off Lady R. by mistake. Then our hero, whose transition from the bookish weakening of chapter one to the resourceful hero of chapters two, et seq. is rather unconvincing; he might have had at least one escape from prison, after (say) a truculent interview with the Duke of Cumberland. When one thinks of what a Dumas or a Stanley Weyman could have done with all Mr. Sutcliffe's puppets one grows impatient, for here they do nothing.

It is possible that the author worked

himself up into a condition of too chivalrous enthusiasm before embarking on this novel. One feels that nobility of character is a little too rife. Every one has it and everyone utters lofty platitudes and performs noble deeds before we are through with them; there is no leavening of temporarily triumphant reality. On the whole one cannot congratulate so experienced a writer as Mr. Sutcliffe on his latest production. With more care he can do far better and it is still early for him to rely on his name to sell his books. ("The Lone Adventure." By Halliwell Sutcliffe. George H. Doran Co.)

Stocks & Bonds

There has been altogether too much irregularity in the security markets this week for anything like a reliable estimate of trading conditions. The volume of transactions has not been large, and price changes on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange have been unimportant. Union has been the feature, with a total of several hundred shares changing hands, but with altogether too much backing and filling for manipulative purposes for the public to take deep interest in the proceedings.

Associated Oil is again steady, with but little stock to be had and with not a great deal of interest in the shares offered for sale in this market. Amalgamated, an Associated subsidiary, has been gaining in public appreciation lately, due to the fact that the company's holdings are in local territory, in the Fullerton field, and the production is continually increasing. The dividend at this time is one per cent a month. San Francisco takes to the shares much more readily and at better prices than does Los Angeles.

Doheny Mexicans, after climbing to unexpected heights since the last report are ruling softer. The common has been up to 73, ex dividend, New York quotations, recently. The preferred continues pegged at about 95. It is being touted for about 110. Central remains inactive and apparently is doomed to lower quotations. Doheny Americans are firm. California Midway and National Pacific among the lesser petroleums remain steady.

In the banking list German American Savings continues the leader at about 415, with First National easy and with Security Savings in demand. The inside takes on the last named whenever any stock shows in sight. National Bank of California and National Bank of Commerce are being accumulated. Citizens National and F. & M. National are again showing signs of healthy activity. All of the issues named will be ex dividend July 1.

Bonds are not wanted for investment with the exception of the Edisons, a few of the tractions and Associated Oil 5's. Pasadena and Los Angeles Homes continue to gain. Among the industrial shares L. A. Home common has lost close to three points since the last report with the preferred in even worse market condition. Both issues should be acquired on breaks. The Edisons continue firm.

In the mining list there has been noticeable activity this week with Consolidated Mines having gained better than two full points since the tip went out that there would be something doing in the stock. The company has uncovered new ore bodies it is said in its Randsburg estate, and its next brick is expected to show up close to \$5,000, due here by May 31.

Money conditions remain ideal in every way.

Banks and Banking

Thursday marked the opening day of the convention of the California State Bankers Association, at Long Beach, where the Hotel Virginia is headquarters. San Francisco and Oakland bankers came down the coast by steamer and representatives from other cities brought the total attendance to five hundred. In order to leave Saturday free as a day of recreation all business was disposed of in three ses-

sions, Thursday morning, Friday morning and Friday afternoon. A special meeting was held by delegates representing California members of the American Bankers Association, for the purpose of nominating a vice president for this state and to name a member of the A. B. A. committee on nominations to send to the big meeting at Detroit. Thursday afternoon the wives of the visiting bankers were entertained with a tea at the Virginia, followed by a reception Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. P. E. Hatch, Friday evening the grand ball took place at the Hotel Virginia and today a big barbecue is being given at the George H. Bixby ranch, Los Cerritos. All beach pleasures were enjoyed free of charge, cards having been issued for that purpose. At the business programs a number of interesting addresses were given by prominent bankers. Stoddard Jess, vice president of the First National Bank, is president of the State Bankers' association, P. E. Hatch of the Long Beach National Bank, is chairman of the entertainment committee, and R. D. Judkins of the First National Bank of the beach town is secretary.

Van Nuys will have a First National Bank, as that organization has just received its charter from the Controller of currency.

Santa Ana's First National Bank has increased its capital stock from \$200,000 to \$300,000.

As the management of the bank intends to add a commercial and trust department about October 1, the German American Savings Bank has petitioned to change its name to the German American Trust and Savings Bank. The change will be made when the institution moves to its new quarters in the Union Oil building.

W. H. Hartford has been granted judgment against the All Night and Day bank, which marked his check, "Has no account," when presented, although Hartford had a savings account in the bank. The plaintiff was arrested for issuing the check, and therefore brought suit.

Louis J. Wilde will open a new bank at San Diego, and is forming a banking and trust company with a capital of \$1,000,000. A concrete building will be erected at Second and D streets, and the bank will open its doors in about six months. It is said that Los Angeles and Portland capital is interested in the venture.

First National Bank of Santa Ana has increased its capital stock from \$200,000 to \$300,000.

Bank clearings for this city reached the total of \$24,614,468.02 last week, a gain of \$247,052.16 over all previous records. Wednesday made a record for daily bank clearings with a total of \$6,075,257.66, Thursday cleared \$5,968,479.31, and Friday totaled \$5,010,884.88. If the present rate keeps up the monthly clearings will reach \$100,000,000.

Whittier National Bank is planning to erect a \$200,000 building.

Last Saturday the state board of equalization decided against the savings banks of San Francisco in the matter of taxation of undivided dividends held for depositors in banks. The money is regarded as the property of the banks until distribution to the depositors.

Appeal to the supreme court will be made by the German-American Sav-

ings Bank, the Los Angeles Trust & Savings Bank, the Southern Trust Company and the Equitable Savings Bank in their suits against the city for the recovery of occupation tax assessed against them. Judge Conrey upheld the constitutionality of the occupation ordinance, but the banks will not permit the case to rest with his decision.

Bank of Tulare will now become the Tulare National Bank, under a charter recently issued. It has a capital stock of \$100,000.

"That so-called money trust congressional investigating committee has made no promises of secrecy, and should the banks accede to the committee's request for this information it might be that the information would ultimately be made public," remarks a St. Louis paper. "The banks are placed at a great disadvantage. If they do not reply at once to the questions asked by the committee, they will be charged with 'concealing facts from a congressional committee,' while if they should supply the data they could be called to account by their depositors, whose private affairs it is their sacred duty to protect. We believe the relation of a bank toward its depositors is similar to that of a physician with his patient or a lawyer with his client. We believe that nothing detrimental would come from a searching investigation into banking conditions, if the inquiry was conducted along proper lines and should be devoid of sensationalism. But it must be remembered that the banks must first of all protect the business affairs of their depositors."

Stock and Bond Briefs

San Bernardino votes June 6 on a bond issue of \$230,000 for the erection of a polytechnic high school.

Redlands will probably hold an election in the near future to decide the question of issuing \$50,000 for a detention home, a campaign having been begun for that purpose.

San Bernardino is discussing the advisability of issuing \$75,000 for the construction of a city hall.

Los Angeles will be forced to issue new school bonds, as the former series

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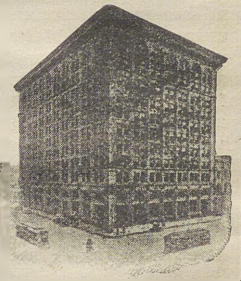
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has been exhausted. The new issue will have to be \$2,000,000 to meet requirements.

Santa Ana's recent bond issue of \$200,000 for high school purposes and \$250,000 for grammar schools has been declared valid, and after they have been signed by the board of supervisors will be put on the market.

June 26 Pasadena will vote on the question of issuing bonds for the acquisition of a municipal water system.

Election will be held today in the Etiwanda School District on the question of issuing bonds of \$10,000 for a new school building, bonds to be of \$1,000 each, bearing 5% interest.

Up to eleven o'clock June 5, the Riverside county board of supervisors will receive sealed bids for the purchase of the five bonds of \$500 each of the Ensign school district, or any portion thereof. The bonds will bear 6% interest, payable semi-annually, and a certified check for 10% of the amount bid must accompany proposal.

El Monte votes June 1 on the question of issuing school bonds for \$10,000, bonds to be of \$1,000 each, bearing 5 per cent per annum.

Glendale city school district will hold an election Tuesday to vote on the question of issuing \$30,000 in bonds for the purchase of lots and a school building, bonds to be of \$1,000, bearing 5% per annum.

Fillmore school district will vote June 8 on the issuance of six bonds of \$1,000 each for additions to their school building. The bonds bear 5% interest, payable annually.

Ventura has ratified a bond issue of \$17,000 for school facilities.

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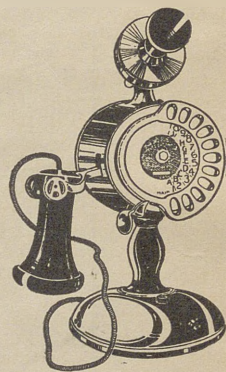
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—Look! The five dainty hats we picture. The large white hemp shape appearing in the upper left hand corner of this page, has top and crown completely covered with embroidered ecru linen batiste—daintiest arrangement of tiny French hand-made flowers in festoon—and around the edge of the under brim is clever fluting of narrow pequot edge ribbon—

—and there are other hats embodying the latest style developments of both foreign and American designs. All should be seen at the earliest opportunity. All will delight, all will be different.



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